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CHRONICLE.

The Royal Family. ON Tuesday the Duke and Duchess of YORK opened Norwich Castle—the famous keep of which has been rescued from more ignoble use or total uselessness—as a museum and picture gallery.

The Health of the Czar. THE news of the CZAR's health, which, at the date of our last writing, were of the gloomiest character, improved a very little subsequently, as to the patient's actual state, but with no better look-out for the future. Indeed, the worst was feared before the week closed. Early news this week was again a shade better; but no change seemed to have taken place in the conviction that the end could only be one way, and prayers for the dying were reported as having been put up at some Greek churches out of Russia. The origin of the evil was, with some probability, attributed to the railway affair at Borki, in which the CZAR so nearly perished, and from which he actually received severe contusions in the back.

The Korean War. THE air of unreality, not to say of comic opera, which has hung over the war in the East was intensified by the announcement of a speech from the throne by the MIKADO, finding grave fault with China for being attacked. How admirably Mr. GILBERT's own Mikado—the real Mikado—would have done it! if, indeed, the mere doing be not something of a plagiarism. A statement—which, if true, is of the greatest importance, and which, it may be observed, came, not through Chinese channels, but direct from Chemulpo, the port of the Korean capital—asserts that the Japanese wounded at that place, together with those sent home, amounted to four thousand, besides a very large number at Seoul. Now, the Japanese themselves have never admitted more than a few hundreds as wounded in the three engagements of Asan, Ping-Yang, and the Yaloo. Assertions of fighting at Wiju were current during the week; but nothing positive came till yesterday, when the Japanese claimed the capture of a fort at the ferry which they had attacked with superior numbers.

Afghanistan. THERE was slightly better news as to the health of the AMEER this day week, letters having been received from Sir SALTER PYNE acknowledging that ABDUL RAHMAN had been ill, but announcing an improvement. The Russian Chauvinists, whose mouthpiece is the *Novoe Vremya*, were vapouring about a partition of the country between Russia

and England—as to which it may be said, with quietness and confidence, that till those in Downing Street are fools or traitors not another inch of Afghan ground will be allowed to be Russian except at a heavy price. News improved later, a gouty fit being spoken of as passing off; while it was asserted that the AMEER had definitely nominated HABIBULLAH, his eldest son, as his successor, and had recommended him to the fidelity of the generals. It was said—and it was unnecessary to say it to any well-informed person—that the refugee ISHAK KHAN would receive support from Russia.

Germany and England. THE curious ill-feeling which exists in Germany towards England, and which, we fear, has been only strengthened by the laborious deference of our statesmen of all parties to German *outrage*, has been illustrated this week in the remarks of the *Kreuz Zeitung* on the case of the amiable Governor of the Cameroons. "Cases such as 'Herr LEIST's,' it says, 'are not noticed in England, not because they do not occur, but because no importance is attached to them.' Now we are accustomed to statements of this kind from Frenchmen, whose ignorance of anything that happens outside Paris and a few watering-places makes false witness against their neighbour comparatively venial. But Germans are nothing if not well informed, and the writer of the above words must have known that they were false. The thing is, of course, unimportant, except as an indication of a temper which will never be well cured until a different line is taken with Germany and Germans.

Delagoa Bay. NEWS that the rather well-known Commandant FERREIRA had left Johannesburg for Delagoa Bay to negotiate the enlistment of volunteers was balanced by a formal statement that Portugal declined any sort of foreign aid. Indeed, that country, weary of well-doing in the matter of saving, is going to raise a new loan of nearly three millions to buy ships and build shipyards. Her creditors will probably howl; but it is fair to remember that the unprotected state of the African colonies may any day bring about things inconvenient, not merely to Portugal, but to ourselves. For the Germans have already nibbled at Mozambique, and would be glad to do so at Lower Guinea.

The Matabele War. AN interesting Blue-book was issued this week on the once hotly discussed and not yet quite forgotten charges brought against Mr. JAMESON



and Captain LENDY in reference to the incidents that opened the Matabele war. It appeared that the natives did not as a matter of fact fire the first shot; but that when fired on they were in flagrant delict of cattle-lifting, if not of assassination, and that in all other respects no undue haste, and no inhumanity at all, were shown by the Company's troops.

The Belgian Elections. THE doubts expressed in some quarters as to the effects of the second ballots on the Catholic triumph in Belgium were not justified. A few disasters happened to them, but in Brussels they had a great victory, and it was calculated that they would number a full hundred in the Chamber against an Opposition of not half the strength, about equally divided between Liberals and Socialists.

General Foreign and Colonial Affairs. THE French having saved four millions and a half on the Army Estimates, are going to spend it in seven thousand more men and "trimmings" to the extent of the balance. But the Minister of Marine has had difficulties with the Budget Committee over his Estimates. It was also said that the Committee was determined to make reductions in those for the Colonies. The Italian Government has suppressed, or at least proclaimed the suppression of, all Socialist associations throughout the kingdom.—Mr. RHODES, not as NAPOLEON of South Africa, but as "Diamond Boss," has informed the shareholders of De Beers that three millions worth of stones have been produced during the year, but that the fall in the price represented half a million of loss in the same period. Query: how long will it take De Beers to play the game with diamonds which the Nevada and other mines have played with silver?—A bad explosion has occurred at Brest on board the French cruiser *Aréthuse*, accidents of this kind being not so entirely confined to the British navy as some croakers would have it. The French *savants* have been busy with experiments on the well-known problem why cats always fall on their feet, or, as a beautiful story requires it to be said, "drop on their paws." This would have pleased great CHARLES our King in the days when he used to frequent the early meetings of the Royal Society.

Political Speeches. ON Monday Mr. ASQUITH opened a campaign with a speech at Leven, his colleague, Mr. ELLIS, speaking at Leigh. The latter was merely predaceous, calling on the working classes to take note of the fact that they were not taxed in proportion, while the rich were taxed out of proportion. Mr. ASQUITH attempted to argue, but could find little to say, except that the House of Lords exercised no functions when the Government was Tory—which merely amounts to saying that the skid hangs up when the coach is not going downhill. He also pointed to the disuse of the Crown veto as a precedent for the disuse of that of the Lords. He might see, and no doubt does see, though he will not tell his hearers so, that the Crown veto has become unnecessary chiefly because of the excellent working of the suspensory powers of the Upper House. Strike these out, and a Crown veto would become as necessary as a Presidential one is in republics. Two days later Mr. ASQUITH made the very interesting remark that objections to a policy of "plunder" and "destruction," to "political log-rolling" and "reciprocal bribery," belong to "a code of political ethics which is too superfine for his conscience and his intelligence." *Habemus confitentem.*

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR spoke uncompromisingly at Edinburgh on Tuesday against Scotch Disestablishment in particular and Disestablishment in general, taking up the line that, what the State did not give the State had no right to take away.

ON Thursday Lord ROSEBERRY, at the Sheffield Cutlers' Feast, made the most sanguine of all possible speeches about foreign policy. With his remarks about the CZAR every one will sorrowfully agree, and some may cheerfully accept the statements that the very name of Madagascar has not been mentioned between France and England for years, and that almost all the Powers have warmly welcomed English intervention in the Eastern war.

Appointments. SIR ROBERT REID having succeeded to the Attorney-Generalship, Mr. LOCKWOOD was appointed Solicitor-General in his room, Mr. HALDANE's good nature, and perhaps his confidence in himself, having thus for a second time made his competing claims give way. It was said some time ago that the York Conservatives had agreed not to attack Mr. LOCKWOOD's extremely shaky seat in case of such an appointment.

THE death of Mr. FROUDE puts in Lord ROSEBERRY's hands a piece of patronage, the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford, of which it will not be easy to dispose well. If the PRIME MINISTER were to dare Separatist wrath and offer it to Mr. LECKY, it is not certain that he would take it; and it is equally uncertain that it would be accepted by Mr. GARDINER, the one appointment to which no objection could be taken. Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON, who has been named, can write excellent English, and really knows some history, though he looks at it through very queer glasses, while Lord ROSEBERRY's well-assured character as a merry man might make him incline to the idea of a Positivist and preaching Professor. The choice of Mr. JAMES GAIRDNER, the editor of the *Paston Letters* and the greatest authority on the obscurest period of modern English history, would do justice to infinite research and a modesty not common among the younger school of historians. If Lord ROSEBERRY turns to this school, there will be at least this comfort—he cannot make a single appointment which will not seem to at least one person the absolutely fittest for the place.

The Law Courts. SPECIAL interest was felt in the October opening of the Courts, because of the presence of Lord RUSSELL, as Lord Chief-Justice, and of the new Law Officers, it being Sir ROBERT REID's first appearance as Mr. Attorney, and Mr. LOCKWOOD's first as Mr. Solicitor. The Grand Jury threw out the bill in the rather interesting case of Mr. KINGDON, charged with coining a sort of fancy dollar for Madagascar.

The School Board Election. MR. DIGGLE, last Saturday, spoke some sensible words at a meeting of the Head Teachers' Association, to the effect that a headmaster (why do these excellent persons prefer the word "teachers"?) ought not to be interfered with in the management of his school, and ought not to interfere in electoral and party matters. Archdeacon SINCLAIR dilated on the necessity of Sunday schools as a supplement to the week-day teaching.

Meetings, &c. THE Bishop of WINCHESTER at the Conference of his diocese, on Tuesday, translated the old strain of *Hora novissima tempora pessima* into a charge of "gloomy but resolute Socialism" against the lower classes, and "relaxation of moral fibre" against the upper. The LORD CHANCELLOR spoke at the meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; and at that of the United Kingdom Alliance Sir WILFRID LAWSON was for the first time for years really humorous. For he declared that the Government "were as firm as ever," but confessed that if any one asked him why they didn't pass the Local Veto Bill last Session, he could only say he didn't know.

THE annual Conference of Women Workers has met

at Glasgow, the Institution of Marine Engineers at Stratford, a Congress on Old Age Pensions at Birmingham, a meeting on restoring the people to the land in the Holborn Town Hall, and the new National Association of Cider-makers in the Holborn Restaurant. The latter, it seems, bid much for teetotaling, or at least temperance, support. But are they not unwise in attracting public attention to this? We were once told by a large dealer in liquor that he sold immense quantities of cider to teetotalers, who, knowing it to be neither beer, wine, nor spirits, felt for it the same preference that FIELDING'S Ordinary did for punch, as a "liquor nowhere spoken against in the Scriptures." But if the United Kingdom Alliance once gets its eye on cider this game will be up.

Labour. At the beginning of the present week the

Scotch coal strike, which has lasted full four months, ended by the surrender of the Fife miners, who had held out longest. The return to work appears to have been quite unconditional, and the result is all the more gratifying in that the "sanction" of strikes—picketing in force by armed and violent mobs—has been appealed to in the most unsparing manner and has completely failed.—Sir COURTENAY BOYLE has issued a paper relating to the working of the Railway Hours Regulation Act.

Racing. THERE was a good deal of racing last week,

of which it did not seem necessary to give any detailed account; but the Selection Stakes at Sandown this day week deserves to be made an exception. Here Best Man, Avington, and Throstle met again, and ran one of the best races of this autumn at nine stone level for the two first named, and eight stone three for the filly. They finished in the same order, Best Man running up to his name by half a length, while Throstle was but a neck behind Avington.

THE first day of the Newmarket Houghton Meeting saw some good two-year-old racing, the best being in the Criterion Stakes, which was won by the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S Cayenne, with a dead-heat for second and third. But the race of the day was the Limekiln Stakes, in which Matchbox, meeting Speed and Beighterton (it is true at a great disadvantage of weight), and starting favourite at 9 to 4 on, was utterly beaten. He was scratched for the Cambridge-shire, and may go to Hungary, without many regrets, being of that class of horse which is always going to do great things, and never does them.

OF the two classes of persons who rejoice in handicaps—those who like to see the handicapper justified by a neat procession of animals according to estimated worth and those who delight in the interloping of some carefully nursed outsider—the second must have been the better pleased with the result of the Cambridge-shire on Wednesday. A good deal of money is said to have been won on Indian Queen, who, having done nothing, had been perforce let in at 6 st. 2 lbs., and who, with 25 to 1 against her, won from a field of twenty, including many noted horses, exactly as she liked. Gangway was second, and the Frenchman, Callistrate, who had been made favourite, third.

THE Dewhurst Plate on Thursday, one of the chief two-year-old events of the year, produced an interesting fight between Raconteur and Kirkconell. They met level in the betting, but with a slight advantage in the weights for Mr. MCCALMONT'S colt, who won.

Games.

THE decision of the Marylebone Club in reference to first-class counties adds to the list, not merely the four promoted this year, though not ranking for the championship, but also Hampshire, which owes the restoration of its ancient rank to Lady Fortune in the first place and Captain WYNARD in the second.

Correspondence. ATTENTION was very well drawn by "Middle Temple" to the flagrant scandal of the behaviour of the London County Council to Sir PETER EDLIN. The individual hardship is bad enough. But the main point is well formulated by "Middle Temple" as being the impropriety of allowing such a question to be in the power of the popular vote at all.—Mr. GILBERT has added to his public benefactions by revealing a simple plan for foiling the lady interviewer. You intimate that your charge is twenty guineas, and the lady interviewer retires, expressing a not obscure wish for your speedy extinction, when she may write an obituary without expense to herself.—A letter has been published from Cardinal VAUGHAN to the Archbishop of TOLEDO on the subject of the CARRERA ordination, which, it may be trusted, is not genuine, inasmuch as nearly every other sentence contains a glaring misrepresentation of fact.

Miscellaneous. THE long-delayed October gales began this day week, and some bad accidents were reported, the worst being the breaking loose of the Warner lightship, not from her moorings, but from the steamer which was towing her away from Spithead, with the result of the loss of several lives. This gale and its effects continued without much intermission during the week.—A verdict of accidental death was returned in the inquest on Lord DRUMLANRIG.—The interesting fact reported from the Zoological Gardens, of a boa nine feet long having swallowed one only a foot shorter, is said to have created considerable disquiet in the minds of the more Whiggish members of the present Ministry; the precedent of swallowing colleagues being regarded as awkward, and the absence of evil consequences particularly disagreeable.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR, speaking at a meeting at Somerville College, one of the Colleges for Women which have taken Oxford for their home, took occasion to notice our friend the "New Woman" (who, by the way, is as old as the Proverbs of SOLOMON at least), and said that, "as time went on, all these 'vain and foolish imaginings would cease to trouble the human mind.'" And other vain and foolish imaginings will take their place, Lord HERSHELL should have added, to make the remark complete in historical and philosophical truth.

Books, &c. MR. STANFORD has issued a new edition, corrected and enlarged, of his twenty-sheet four-inch-to-the-mile Street Map of London. We have formerly pointed out the careful excellence of this map, which is far superior to anything else of the kind, and it is not superfluous to note its usefulness in connexion with the pending and impending municipal controversies.

Obituary. FRENCH literature has received a heavy

loss in the death of M. JAMES DARMESTETER, of the Collège de France and the *Revue de Paris*. Though he had not concerned himself with French itself so much as his brother ARSÈNE, who died not long ago, and was by special studies an Orientalist, especially a Persian scholar, he wrote extremely well, and his *Lettres sur l'Inde* and *Les Prophètes d'Israël* are books of value for more than their matter. He was connected with England by his marriage with Miss MARY ROBINSON, whom some hold our best poetess, next to Miss CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.—Frau JOHANNA WAGNER had retired from the stage for some quarter of a century, save for an appearance or two at Bayreuth in aid of her famous uncle. But between 1850 and 1860 she was one of the chief of European singers, and distinguished herself later as an actress.—Mr. COOKE, a Recorder of Oxford and a County Court

judge of old standing, was in his eighty-fourth year, a good antiquary and an excellent Conservative.—Lord BASING, as Mr. SCLATER-BOTH, was very well known, having been county member for nearly a generation, and a useful official in Conservative Governments.

AWAKING THE SPARTAN FIFE.

IN spite of its antiquity, now becoming almost respectable, the Ministerial "stumping system" seems to be still in quite a rudimentary and undeveloped condition. There is, apparently, no sort of concert among the performers, nor anything like effective stage-management of the company at large. Cabinet Ministers accept invitations to appear on provincial platforms, and fix the dates of their appearances without any consultation with each other; and there is really no provision against the awkward contingency of two of them figuring on the same night on two different stages and saying the same things, or—what would be more awkward, though not much more unlikely—saying different things at the same time. And, even though no such serious *contretemps* as this should occur, it is surely desirable, and ought not to be impossible, to prevent one Minister taking the wind out of another's sails by occupying the stump a few days before the latter has arranged to mount it. Lord ROSEBURY, for instance, must just at this moment be experiencing some of the sensations of the Scotch preacher who was leading his hearers gradually, and by the exhaustive method, up to the identification of the leviathan that swallowed JONAH, when he was interrupted by the old woman among his flock who exclaimed, "Aiblins, it was a whale!" The PRIME MINISTER must feel that "the word has been taken out of his mouth" by the HOME SECRETARY in much the same way. It is true that Mr. ASQUITH, now "on tour" in Fife, was not commissioned to make any announcement as to the precise steps which HER MAJESTY'S Government propose to take with respect to the House of Lords in the next Session of Parliament, and that he only referred, with that portentous solemnity of his which seems somehow always to recall the "serious young man" of the Mechanics' Institute, to what "in the course of the present week the count" try will hear from the lips of the PRIME MINISTER. But Lord ROSEBURY will presumably not content himself with informing the country of the particular form of idle "demonstration" against the House of Lords by which the Government will attempt to pacify their restive Radicals next Session. He will be expected, we imagine, to condescend to some statement of the case against the delinquent House, and this is precisely the "word" which his HOME SECRETARY has "taken out of his mouth."

Not, in all conscience, that the case against the House of Lords, as presented by Mr. ASQUITH, is too good to be improved upon. Indeed, if his chief cannot improve upon it next Saturday, the Government will be in a desperately bad way. For anything lamer than the indictment framed at Leven last Monday, by this over-rated advocate, unless indeed it were the laborious apologies delivered by him at Newburgh and Tayport on the two following days, it would not be easy for ineffective forensic ingenuity to evolve. With a mighty parade of formal statement, and a fine assumption of statesman-like candour and moderation, Mr. ASQUITH explained to his Scottish hearers what, in his opinion, a properly constituted and legitimately acting Second Chamber should be and do; and having done so, he proceeded to describe the character of the House of Lords, and its conduct during the last Session, in language from which, though of course he was far from intending it, every impartial mind among the audience would have been justified in drawing the conclusion that that

House is, in fact, exactly what the HOME SECRETARY says it ought to be, and has acted precisely as, according to his own definition of its duties, it should have acted. The functions which properly belong to the House of Lords, he said, are merely these:—"First of all, that it should act as a revising authority over the details of legislation; and, in the next place, that where there is a reasonable doubt whether upon any question the House of Commons is representing the majority of the electorate, it should interpose such delay as will enable that doubt to be authoritatively solved." As examples of its discharge of the former function, he then proceeded to cite the cases of the Employers' Liability Bill and the English and Scotch Local Government Bills; while as examples of its discharge of the latter function he instanced its dealings with a series of measures ranging in importance from the Home Rule Bill to "the important proposals of the London County Council for the adoption of the principle of betterment in relation to local rates." How, then, did the House of Lords exercise its "revising authority over the details of legislation" in respect of the Bills in the former of these two categories? It inserted in the Employers' Liability Bill an amendment which, while retaining the whole benefits of that Bill for those workmen who wished to come under it, would have allowed the privilege of free contract to the large body of workmen who wished to remain outside it: which amendment the Government refused to accept. To the English and Scotch Local Government Bills it assented in principle, but sent those measures back to the Commons with certain amendments of its provisions: which amendments the Government accepted. That is the plain, unvarnished statement of what the Lords did with regard to these Bills, and it is, on the face of it, a legitimate exercise of the authority which Mr. ASQUITH's own definition concedes to them. It is true that his own highly varnished statement of what they did runs as follows:—"The House of Lords practically rejected the Employers' Liability Bill. It disfigured, and it would, if it could, have mutilated the English and Scotch Local Government Bills." But as this only means that Mr. ASQUITH disapproved of the Lords' amendments to these measures, it follows that, if they have abused their powers, their right of amending must be constitutionally limited by the condition that their amendments be acceptable to the HOME SECRETARY. If, on the other hand, their "revising authority over the details of legislation" imports anything more than the privilege of examining these details, and then saying ditto to the House of Commons, Mr. ASQUITH's attempt to show that they have exceeded their legitimate functions is ludicrously impotent.

Then what about their right of interposing delay "where there is a reasonable doubt whether upon any question the House of Commons is representing the majority of the electorate"? The House of Lords, said Mr. ASQUITH, had rejected a Home Rule Bill; a Bill for the relief of the evicted tenants in Ireland; a Bill for the abolition of primogeniture in the inheritance of land; and the important proposals of the London County Council for the adoption of the principle of Betterment in relation to local rates. After which it was to be expected that, as his argument required, he would go on to deny that all or any of these measures raised questions upon which there is such reasonable doubt, as aforesaid, as to the representation of the majority of the electorate by the House of Commons. But, for reasons of his own, he seems to have thought it better to let his major premiss go unfurnished with a minor, and instead of affirming, to leave his audience to infer, that one or more or all

of these measures had been sanctioned beyond reasonable doubt by the majority of the electorate. We applaud his discretion. He had talked at the beginning of his speech about "the primary mandate with which the Government had been instructed by the country to embody in a legislative form the proposals for granting Home Rule to Ireland"; but he certainly acted most wisely in giving a wide berth to that subject at the critical point in his argument. Even his forensic hardihood was not equal to the feat of asserting that the country had approved of the preposterous "legislative form" in which the Government had embodied proposals studiously withheld from the constituencies up to and throughout the election of 1892. It would be unreasonable to blame Mr. ASQUITH or any other Gladstonian for shirking this part of their business, as they all most religiously do. Much allowance, in fact, must be made in this respect for the whole Gladstonian party. They have been most seriously hampered in their attack upon the House of Lords by the uncomfortable suspicion, which of late has deepened into a certainty, that the most important, in fact the one important, thing that that House has done—the only thing which has attracted popular attention, or, indeed, come within popular comprehension—is regarded by an overwhelming majority of the people of Great Britain, not merely without the smallest dissatisfaction, but with positive, and in many minds with enthusiastic, approval. That in itself is a most adverse circumstance for the assailants of a legislative body to have to contend with; and the Gladstonians are additionally unfortunate in the fact that it is the most prominent—indeed, from the popular point of view, the only prominent—circumstance in the whole case. The Lords, as we have already pointed out, have a perfectly good and valid defence, constitutional and practical, to all the minor charges against them; but, if the Gladstonians were sure of a verdict in their favour on every one of these charges, it would avail them nothing. The mere recital of these offences of the House of Lords, in the same breath with the record of the one immense and memorable service rendered by them last Session, produces an extravagantly ironic effect. "We admit that the House of Lords has saved the United Kingdom from dismemberment; but they deprived the metropolis of the advantages of Betterment. We admit that they interfered to prevent the Imperial Parliament from being thrust helplessly under the yoke of its Irish enemies; but they threw out the Bill for the abolition of primogeniture in the inheritance of land." What is the good of going to the country with a "sample case" of such admissions as these, which could be multiplied indefinitely? Yet what else have these political bagmen to take with them?

MR. BALFOUR ON THE AULD KIRK.

IN his speech at the annual conference of the Established Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild at Edinburgh on Tuesday, Mr. BALFOUR struck a note which the opponents of Disestablishment in Scotland, and indeed in England and Wales also, should lose no opportunity of repeating and emphasizing. He appealed with great eloquence and earnestness to Conservative Dissenters in Scotland to dissociate themselves from the unscrupulous and plundering attack with which the National Church is at present threatened. We are not quite sure that the eminently practical and hopeful character of this appeal, and the use that might be made of it as a weapon against the unworthy designs of the Liberationists and their Ministerial dependants upon the Church in Wales, have been as clearly perceived in political and ecclesiastical circles as they

deserve. The matter is one of such instant importance that we shall develop it in some detail.

The three great Presbyterian bodies in Scotland are the Established or National, or Old Church, in common parlance the Auld Kirk, the United Presbyterians—largely an agglomeration of sects which seceded at different times, and to some extent for different reasons, from the Established Church—and the Free Church, which sprang into being after the famous Disruption of 1843. The Auld Kirk is, of course, opposed to Disestablishment. The United Presbyterians are almost solid in favour of it. The cardinal principle of their ecclesiastical polity is voluntarism, and, unlike so many bodies of English Dissenters, they have not weakened their logical position as enemies of the State connexion by accepting State aid in various forms until the exigencies of their crusade against the Establishment made it necessary for them to become "voluntary" bodies not only in theory but in fact. Neither to the Auld Kirk, therefore, nor to the United Presbyterians is Mr. BALFOUR's appeal suitable. The former is too sound on the Disestablishment question to need a physician. The latter are incurable. Individual United Presbyterians of Liberal-Unionist sympathies may curb their desire to disestablish the National Church in temporary deference to the feelings of their Conservative allies. But when once the Liberal party have recognized the fact that Home Rule is as dead as Queen ANNE, and the currents of political feeling and opinion begin to flow back into their old channels, the United Presbyterians, in their collective capacity, will swiftly resume their place in the van of the Disestablishment crusade. If we have underestimated the latent Conservatism of this respectable religious body, we shall rejoice over the fact. But we apprehend that our prognostication will prove to be only too correct.

The Free Church of Scotland, however, stands in a totally different position from its sister sect. It came out, indeed, from the Established Church. But, in the language of its founder, Dr. CHALMERS, who directed a solemn warning on the point to "the Voluntaries," it did so on the Establishment principle. By its original constitution the Free Church expressly affirmed that it is the duty of the magistrate "to take order for the preservation of purity, peace, and unity in the Church"; and it separated from the Establishment solely on the grounds that the Legislature had in the reign of Queen ANNE restored the lay patronage which it had abolished in the reign of WILLIAM III., and that the Courts refused to allow the rights of the patrons to be overridden by a popular veto (for which, by the way, not even the Act of WILLIAM III. contained any sanction), and also claimed to determine what were and what were not ecclesiastical questions. On these grounds, and not on the ground of any aversion to establishments or endowments, the disruption took place.

But Churches as well as their doctrines obey the law of development, and the Free Church has been no exception to the rule. Slowly but surely the majority of its clergy and some of its laity have drifted away from their original moorings towards the harbour of Voluntarism and its Disestablishment creed. On the other hand, a minority of the clergy and a very considerable and growing body of the laity of the Free Church, have not only remained faithful to the old anchorage, but are evincing an increasing disposition to draw nearer to the Establishment. The causes of this phenomenon are complex. The gladiators of the old Disruption days and their henchmen have passed away, and a generation is growing up which knows little of these champions, and cherishes an open or secret conviction, none the less real because it may be ill-informed, that spiritual pride of a peculiarly flagrant

and intolerant character stained the heroic annals of the Disruption, that much of the language used by the leaders of the movement would be ridiculous if it were less earnest, and that the points for the sake of which the Free Church dissolved its union with the Auld Kirk were either ill founded or not worth fighting for, or utterly insufficient to justify its schism.

It is to this powerful and increasing section of Scotch ecclesiastical thought that Mr. BALFOUR has appealed, and, if we read the signs of the time aright, his appeal will not be made in vain. The National Church and its sister, the Free Church, are one in faith, in doctrine, in good works, and in their fundamental theories of ecclesiastical polity. They enjoy equal religious liberty. The endowments of the Established Church are as much her private property as the Sustentation Fund is the private property of the Free Church. It is earnestly to be hoped that all the Conservative elements in the Free Church of Scotland will coalesce with the Established Church against a movement which is largely irreligious and entirely political, and prevent the sequestration for secular purposes of endowments which are none too large, and which not the bitterest enemy of the Establishment will dare to assert are otherwise than faithfully applied in furtherance of the Christian mission.

But Mr. BALFOUR'S appeal is capable of doing good service in England and Wales, as well as in the kingdom north of the Tweed. Scotland is the home of religious controversy. Long after the fires of ecclesiastical differences and hatreds would, in the natural course of things, have died out, the *perfidum ingenium* of the disputants and their adherents kept them alive; and, even now, the favourite occupation of certain schools of Scotch religious thought is to sit cowering and brooding over their dead embers. If, in the midst of such surroundings, Dissenting Conservatism has survived and grown, how much more hopefully can it be cherished and strengthened and drawn forth into active service in England, where the greatest of the sects still glories—at least in theory—in its indissoluble unity with the Church!

LORD ROSEBERY AT SHEFFIELD.

IT is an agreeable duty for the political opponents of the PRIME MINISTER to be able to preface their criticisms of his speech at the Cutlers' Feast by a well-deserved acknowledgment of the good feeling and perfect taste which animated and chastened its opening references to the illness of the CZAR. In such observations from a speaker in Lord ROSEBERY'S position there is always a danger of excess or defect—of lapse either into the coldly conventional or the emotional-insincere. It is no light achievement of tact and discretion to have dwelt, as fully as did the PRIME MINISTER last Thursday night, on the character and career of ALEXANDER III. without saying a word which will not win sympathetic assent from Englishmen of every shade of political opinion. And of the truth and weight of his remarks on the public and international, as distinct from the personal and domestic, import of the loss with which Russia is hourly threatened there can be no doubt in any reasonable English mind. Few, or none, among us will find any exaggerated emphasis in Lord ROSEBERY'S declaration that "one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, guarantees for the peace of the world" would pass away with the life of the CZAR.

From this melancholy but essentially uncontentious subject the PRIME MINISTER proceeded at once, in his airily satirical fashion, to set right those political critics who mistook the meaning of that famous and breathless Cabinet Council. They were quite out in their conjecture that the Council was thus suddenly

called together to discuss intervention between China and Japan. The idea was as preposterous as the alternative suggestion that an acute crisis had arisen on the question of Madagascar, as to which Lord ROSEBERY expresses "great doubt whether even the word has been mentioned between the Governments of England and France during the last two years," and as to which also we may ourselves take leave to express our own great doubt whether this is a matter for national congratulation. But, anyhow, intervention between China and Japan was as far from the thoughts of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers as Madagascar itself. "No circular was issued and no rebuff was received." All that happened was that the Government, having heard that China was willing to concede honourable terms of peace, thought it their duty to "sound the other Courts of Europe." The reception of these approaches was so "extraordinarily favourable" that the matter remains exactly where it was when the "sounding" operation took place. One or two of the sounded Courts—only one Lord ROSEBERY thinks, but, "to be within the confines of the truth, he will say one or two"—emitted the wrong sort of sound altogether; others must be supposed to have given forth an uncertain sound; and it is confidently affirmed, in one apparently well-informed quarter, that two yielded no sound at all. Still, it is a comfort to reflect that the reception of the approaches of the Government was "extraordinarily favourable."

This explanation, however, leaves one point of the highest interest in the same obscurity as ever. If the breathless Cabinet Council did not meet to discuss "intervention" in the war between China and Japan, what did it meet, in such hot haste and at such grave inconveniences to its members, to discuss at all? To affirm the perfectly obvious and perfectly harmless proposition that the Government having received information as to the willingness of China to concede honourable terms of peace, "it was impossible for them absolutely to put the information in their pockets and keep it to themselves"? Was it, indeed, for this that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT came within an ace of being stopped on his way to his oculist? for this that the emissaries of the PRIME MINISTER would, if they could, have prevented Mr. BRYCE from having access to mountains as soon as he desired? for this that Lord TWEEDMOUTH and Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY committed their valuable lives to that ill-fated Scotch express? If this were really all that they were summoned for—to "sound" the Courts of Europe on a question which Lord KIMBERLEY could have brought to their notice with half a dozen copies of a circular, or as many sets "of identic" instructions to HER MAJESTY'S representatives—we must say that Lord ROSEBERY'S colleagues seem to us to have just cause of complaint. The famous Council was, indeed, a Council full of "sound," signifying nothing.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

DURING the now somewhat prolonged pause in active operations in the East, the rival Chinese and Japanese manufacturers of rumours have been untiringly busy. A list of respectable length might be made of the reports that a new Japanese expedition has sailed for some unknown destination in China. Nothing has yet been heard on acceptable authority of its doings, and some measure of credit seems to be due to the counter Chinese report that there is no such expedition in existence. The alleged movements of the Japanese General Yamagata are equally numerous and contradictory. Confident telegrams appear simultaneously, or all but simultaneously, announcing that he is threatening Port Arthur, which is on the northern side of the Straits of Pecheli; that he is with his army on the Yaloo, about to strike another great blow and advance on Mukden; and that his headquarters are still at Ping

Yang. It is asserted, and then it is denied, that foreigners at Peking are in danger, and are flying for safety to the nearest treaty ports. Revolts are reported in the interior parts of China, and then again they are contradicted. The condition of the Chinese squadron is another theme of contradictory rumours. One day it is represented as still under repair, and likely to remain so for many months. On another it is at sea, or a good part of it is, and it has been reinforced from the South. We cannot as much as be sure whether Tseng has bought dummy rifles or not, whether he is or is not nephew to Li-Hung-Chang, whether his face has been slapped or not. There is, in short, nothing which it is safe to believe in the copious information, so called, collected by news agencies, except that it is in the last degree rash to believe stories of Chinese movements which come from Tien-tsin, and very unwise to put the slightest confidence in reports of Japanese operations which come from Tokio.

When, however, all this mass of rumour and of fabrication is severely sifted, it is possible to arrive at some conclusions which may be accepted with a certain degree of confidence. It is, for instance, safe to accept the report of Reuter's Agent at Chemulpo as being more than a mere native rumour. On Tuesday he sent home a telegram which, if there is not some extraordinary mistake on his own part or elsewhere, is very significant. It was to the effect that there were 1,800 Japanese wounded at Chemulpo itself, and a large number at Seoul; while 2,100 others had been sent back to Japan. If we suppose the large number of wounded at Seoul to amount to a thousand—which is not an excessive estimate—it appears that the Japanese have lost at least some five thousand men by wounds in the course of the late fighting in Corea. It is impossible to account for this number from the Japanese reports. At the same time the Correspondent gives the number of Chinese wounded prisoners at Ping Yang at twelve hundred—a figure which it is equally impossible to reconcile with Japanese estimates of the damage they inflicted on their enemies. If, then, he is right—or even only approximately right—it follows that the reports published by the victors have been falsified. As the habit of lying is even more deeply engrained in the Oriental than in other divisions of the human race, it would be most unsafe to accept the counter versions of what happened at Ping Yang; but this revelation of Japanese romancing must be allowed to give a certain plausibility to the story that the Chinese army was not destroyed, but only beaten out of its camp by superior numbers, and that the bulk of it retreated to the Yaloo. As it is not encumbered with the complicated apparatus of modern armies, it would have a certain advantage in a broken mountain country. The undeniable pause in the advance of the Japanese also confirms the belief that they have found the work they have undertaken more difficult than they had calculated. It is now several weeks since the battle at Ping Yang, and the general drift of the evidence (if it may be so called) from the seat of war goes to show that the bulk of the Japanese army has not yet reached the Yaloo. Even if the passage of the river is forced, a longer tract of difficult country lies between the frontier and Mukden. A Japanese army advancing through it would be subject to attack in flank by the Chinese forces collected at Newchweng. A good deal of light would be thrown on the causes of this apparent paralysis, or at least suspension, of Japanese activity, if trustworthy information could be obtained as to the extent of the reported Korean rising. Such enemies as the Tonghaks, who are said to be harassing the Japanese posts, are contemptible enough in actual battle. The history of the Peninsular War shows, however, that *guerrilleros* are a serious pest to an invading army, if only because they compel it to detach large numbers of men to clear the country, and so weaken the force it can concentrate at the front. The despatch of a Korean deputation to Japan to thank the Mikado for securing the independence of their country is a burlesque episode in the war. Here, again, the history of the Peninsular struggle shows that it is quite possible to find "deputations of nobles" to thank an invader for the kind interest he takes in their affairs, while the nation at large is resolved to resist. Another point on which it would be interesting to obtain more trustworthy information is, how far the Japanese force already in the field represents the whole of the really drilled and organized troops of the Empire. The Japanese army is said to be about eighty thousand on the peace and a quarter of a million on the war foot-

ing. The second figure allows an ample margin for an army of occupation in Corea and armies for operations against China. But this is on the supposition that the whole 250,000 are of equally good quality. If, as may well be the case, they are not, then, as the field of operations is enlarged, and the numbers employed increases, the Japanese may be compelled to employ undrilled or insufficiently drilled men, and their staff of educated officers may be overtaxed. In that case they lose their only superiority over the Chinese.

It is to be feared that there is every probability of a prolongation of the war. Even if the alleged fighting on the Yaloo has ended in a real Japanese success, it is unlikely that there will be any rapid advance. Every day enables the Chinese to accumulate men and strengthen fortifications. The ease with which contraband of war has been landed shows that the Japanese fleet is not able to maintain an effective blockade. A thick cloud of rumours, to which Europe has contributed its ample share, covers the supposed negotiations for peace; but if we do not know what has happened, there is some real evidence as to what has not happened. The Japanese Government has certainly shown no disposition to accept mediation. China is understood to be ready to accept peace on reasonable terms, but we may be sure that it puts a meaning on the words which Japan would probably refuse to consider satisfactory. If there is any truth, as there well may be, in the report that the Japanese Government would make the throwing open of China to foreigners one of its demands the prospect of peace is very remote. China has not been so beaten as to accept such terms. As the Mikado's Government has secured its votes of credit from the Diet, and can hardly venture to disappoint the patriotic excitement of the nation, it will in all likelihood insist upon extreme demands; in which case the war will drag on languidly through the winter, and with renewed vigour when summer returns—unless internal troubles in China, or effective foreign intervention, introduces a new and decisive influence. The Japanese disposition to treat China as the enemy of civilization, and to assume for Japan the attitude of its champions, will, if persisted in, prolong the war indefinitely. Japan has, if its words are to be trusted, undertaken to do what the combined nations of Europe have failed to do in half a century of negotiation and of war, and what China will not submit to until it is conquered.

THE MEETING OF THE FRENCH CHAMBERS.

THE French Chambers have met this week with as fair a prospect of a quiet Session as can be afforded by an apparent state of indifference, and the absence of anything in particular to quarrel about. It may be allowed that this is no guarantee. All Sessions which begin flatly may end in a storm, and in France they are particularly likely to pass from one extreme to the other. An incident or a scandal may provoke a crisis at a moment's notice, and if it required a great division on a serious political question to upset a French Cabinet, the Ministries of that country would have a less unstable existence than has been their portion since, or even before, 1871. Prophecies, too, have not been wanting that this Cabinet is to be speedily overturned. The Socialists have been confident in predictions, enforced by the most abusive language. M. Goblet, the leader of the Radicals who took a distinct turn in the direction of Socialism at the last general election, has been telling everybody who would listen that the Cabinet will not last long. In a country in which some thirty-three Ministries have followed one another within the space of some twenty-two years, it is almost as safe to make this prediction as to announce that a Mr. Smith will cross London Bridge on any given day in the week. All we will venture to say is, that the Ministry does not seem to be in any immediate danger from M. Goblet and his friends. What risk there is may be fairly sought in the fact that the Chamber of Deputies has so very little to do. Although there have been complaints that the Session ought to have begun before, the Budget, which ought to have been among the first "*projets de loi*" submitted to the Chamber, is not yet ready, and will not be for some time. In the interval the field is all the clearer for a scene and a crisis.

The Socialists began the Session by an interpellation which was designed to embarrass the Ministry, but it is impossible to understand what hope they could have had of

success. They put up M. Paschal Grousset to move that the Government should either amnesty the Boulangists who were tried, or try those members of the "conspiracy"—including M. Paul de Cassagnac, Baron Mackau, and others—who were not brought before the High Court. The President's epigrammatical remark, "It is not the business of a Ministry to carry out political disinterments," disposed of M. Paschal Grousset, who was, indeed, left to speak to empty benches. The Socialists appear, indeed, to have very extraordinary ideas as to how to embarrass the Ministry, if it is true that they propose to assail it for the dismissal of the Director of the Orphanage at Cempuis. The affair of Cempuis, which has made a considerable stir in France, has hardly been noticed here; and, indeed, it is not a pleasant subject to handle. The director of this place, which is an orphanage for girls as well as boys, is a fanatic whom we should rather have expected to meet among ourselves than on the other side of the Channel. He is not only a Socialist—which is so far very French—but he holds certain views on education which may be best described by saying that they have all the appearance of having been taken from the novels of the "New Woman." We are all compelled to be more or less familiar with those persons who, combining a great deal of nastiness of mind with a great deal of pedantry, insist on the necessity of instructing the young in what are called "the facts of life," meaning the only facts which are of interest to the prurient. The late Director of Cempuis also holds the view that immorality is wholly due to what the world still persists in thinking decency. Acting on these convictions, he conducted the Orphanage in a manner which ended by outraging even the not very prudish French. To complete his offences, M. Robin—for that is the name of this extraordinary director of a place of education—belongs to the so-called *sans patrie*—the Socialist party, which proposes to sink all national distinctions in the one simple division of the world into "Haves" and "Have nots." The state of things at Cempuis became at last such a scandal that the Minister of Education, using the very large powers of the French Government over all places of education, dismissed M. Robin from his post, though the school is a municipal one. It is very characteristic that his cause has been taken up by a large party among the Socialists, who allege that his dismissal is only part of the so-called reactionary policy of the Ministry. It is impossible for those who only know the French press from the extracts published in the English papers to form an idea of the brutality with which the French Cabinet is abused for its supposed alliance with the priests, and of the absolute filth of invective poured out on it. An attempt has been made by the Conseil-Général de la Seine to force the Government to publish the Report of its Committee of Inquiry into the affair of Cempuis. As this was refused, a certain M. Fournière, a member of the Council, has moved that it should refuse to do its work—go, in fact, on strike in order to punish the Government for its reticence. The egregious motion has, indeed, been rejected by a substantial majority, but the fact that it found supporters at all is an example of the kind of fanaticism and raging folly which a French Government has to deal with. In the meantime M. Robin's fortune is made. He is to be elected to a seat in the Municipal Council—where he will be in very congenial company—it is said in succession to M. Abel Hovelacque, another anti-Clerical fanatic of much the same kidney. It is another instance of the unwholesome influences which are at work in France, that the Ministry was actually attacked in the Chamber on the very first day of the Session for compelling the Municipality of Dax to put a stop to Spanish bull fights in the town. We do not know of an uglier symptom of degradation of national character anywhere than the persistent attempts made to introduce this savage spectacle into France, and the toleration shown to it by some of the authorities.

The French Protectorate of Madagascar, and the deadlock to which it has led, may seem more serious matters than the wrong-headed logic of M. Paschal Grousset and the misconduct of municipalities, but they may very well prove less dangerous to the Ministry—at least, for a time. French Chambers are always disposed to give a patriotic support to schemes for extending the influence of France. They only become critical when expense and loss of life are incurred, as the Tonquin example shows. It is not at all unlikely that these causes of discontent may be supplied

before long. The Protectorate has hitherto failed completely. French colonial enterprise has been as unlucky in Madagascar, where Englishmen and Germans contrive to make money, as it has commonly been elsewhere. Of course, there is the usual outcry against the intrigues of England, the usual conviction that wealth will begin to flow into French pockets if only the Government can be got to do something energetic. The despatch of M. Le Myre de Vilers, whose reputation for energy is thoroughly established, seems to show that the Government has at last made up its mind to attempt the firm action which is to work such a beneficent change in the fortunes of French settlers. Unless the Malagasy Government is disposed to yield entirely, which it shows no disposition to do, the time will come when the pressure put upon it must take the form of an expedition. A renewal of the futile blockade of a few years ago would be little better than silly, if it is to be all that is attempted. It could not save French settlers in the island from ruin. They can only be protected by a military expedition, which must anyhow be very costly. It will cost a great deal if a sufficient force—that is, ten thousand men at least—is sent at once; and it will cost a great deal more in the long run if the French Government sends small expeditions, which would wither away in bush fighting and with fever.

LAWYERS AT WORK AGAIN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the extinction or curtailment with which it has so often been threatened, the Long Vacation has once more come to a natural and peaceable close, and the Law Courts have resumed their suspended activities. In the legal year which has just ended many events of general interest and importance have happened. The judiciary has lost Lord Hannen, the most silent judge of modern times; Sir James Stephen, the greatest criminal jurist of the century; Lord Bowen, the Bayard of the Bench; and Lord Coleridge, perhaps the most accomplished, courteous, and dignified of the Chief Justices. On the other hand, it has gained Lord Russell, the foremost Nisi Prius advocate of his day, as well as Lord Davey and Lord Justice Rigby, who long shared between them the choicest practice of the Chancery Bar, on whose comparative forensic merits lawyers are as evenly divided as they used to be in regard to those of Selborne and Cairns, and whose judicial work will probably, as in the case of the two last-mentioned judges, ultimately settle the controversy. The Law Officers of the Crown, too, have undergone almost as many changes as the *personnel* of the judiciary. We have had three Attorney-Generals and three Solicitor-Generals in a single year. Nor is the retirement of Sir Augustus Keppel Stephenson from his triple office of Director of Public Prosecutions, Treasury Solicitor, and Queen's Proctor an event that can be passed over without comment. It is chiefly in his capacity of Director of Public Prosecutions that Sir A. K. Stephenson will be remembered. In spite of the functions as public prosecutors which the Attorney- and Solicitor-General have so long exercised in this country, English criminal procedure is essentially litigious in character. We find abundant evidence of this in the fact that, notwithstanding all the legislative changes of recent years, private prosecutions still flourish amongst us like a green bay-tree, and in the difficulty which some of our prosecuting counsel, even when they appear for the Treasury, seem to experience in resisting the temptation to fight for a verdict. But the most cogent proof of the exotic character of public prosecutions in England lies in the history of the office from which Sir A. K. Stephenson has just retired. For several years after its establishment nobody spoke of it without a smile; the endeavours of the Director of Public Prosecutions to gain access to impounded documents suggested nothing so strongly as a game of hunt the slipper; and it is not so long ago that an eminent judicial authority professed to be in a state of unqualified ne-science as to who the Director of Public Prosecutions really was, or what functions he discharged. It must be conceded that the early policy of masterful inactivity pursued by the department over which Sir Augustus Stephenson presided exposed many vulnerable points to public animadversion and even ridicule; and the shrill controversial and petulant reports, with their appendices of press and other notices, which it emitted once a year did not tend to conciliate its critics. But these defects

would have been overlooked if the public had really sympathized with the experiment of which they were merely accidents. Sir Augustus Stephenson will have the satisfaction, however, of carrying with him into his retirement a consciousness that he has lived down the censures of his critics, and ultimately secured for the office of Director of Public Prosecutions a place in the esteem of the community which his successor, Mr. Hamilton Cuffe, should have little difficulty in rendering permanent and impregnable. We do not disguise our conviction that a graduated system of public prosecutions, such as we find in Scotland and other countries whose jurisprudence has been fashioned after Roman models, might be preferable to the hybrid arrangements which are now in force. But such a *régime* can be safely introduced only when educated popular opinion is ripe for the change; and educated popular opinion will judge whether the transition is possible or desirable by the good or bad success which attends the work of the Director of Public Prosecutions.

A minute analysis of the Cause-lists for the present legal term lies entirely beyond our province. But these invoices of the grist which our judicial mills are already engaged with exemplary vigour in grinding disclose two facts of general interest and importance. The first is, that while 120 cases await the arbitrament of the Court of Appeal, only 14 of these are applications for a new trial. A curious bit of history lies behind this circumstance. At no very remote period in our legal annals application for a new trial formed one of the most fertile and vexatious sources of the law's delays. Trial by jury to a thorough-paced litigant was simply a preliminary canter, to be followed by serious business in the Divisional Court, the Court of Appeal, and the House of Lords. Mr. Finlay's Act, in 1890, compelled him to have immediate recourse from the tribunal of first instance to the Court of Appeal. But this measure, although checking the abuse, could not have terminated it. The real deliverance was wrought by the House of Lords and the present Master of the Rolls. In the case of the Metropolitan Railway Company *v.* Wright, Lord Herschell laid down the principle that the verdict of a jury ought not to be disturbed on the ground that it is against the weight of the evidence, unless "it was one which a jury, viewing the whole of the evidence reasonably, could not properly find"; and a few years later this rule of procedure was again emphatically affirmed by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in another case—*Phillips v. Martin*. It goes without saying that this canon was loyally accepted by the Court of Appeal. But more than that was necessary if the end in view was to be attained. It had to be rigorously applied. And this part of the work Lord Esher has done thoroughly. The result is the salutary shrinkage in the number of motions for a new trial, of which the Michaelmas Cause-lists present so striking an instance.

The other interesting fact in the new Cause-lists to which we have referred is the continuing evidence which they afford of the decrease of litigation on both the Common Law and Chancery sides of the High Court. In the Queen's Bench Division, for example, the number of actions entered for hearing, up to the present time, is 592, as against 823 at the corresponding period of last year. These figures are certainly significant. But they do not, in our opinion, point to any withdrawal of the confidence of the public from the regular tribunals. The true explanation of the phenomenon probably is that business men are litigating less, not that they are carrying their litigious work elsewhere. And the symptom is a hopeful one—from the commercial and public standpoint! The fits of alternate repining and fierce self-depreciation into which lawyers lash themselves when the commencement of each new term reveals further evidence of "decadence in the volume of litigation"—the phrase is now nearly as classic as Lord John Russell's "insolent and invidious aggression," which provoked Cardinal Newman's most biting and brilliant piece of literary sarcasm—are really quite superfluous. Not that our legal system has yet attained perfection. The ludicrous fiasco of the Guildhall sittings, the absence of a proper Court of Criminal Appeal, and of Commercial Courts, which would put an end to the sickly life of the London Chamber of Arbitration, and the unreformed existence of our dirty, malodorous, and insanitary Old Bailey and Police Courts, are blemishes of which lawyers have good reason to be ashamed. But they have little to do with any "decadence in the volume of litigation." Lawsuits inevitably become less numerous as "the ape and tiger"

elements in a community die out or are subordinated to higher instincts; and the members of the legal profession, by ignoring this fact or attributing it to their own shortcomings, merely unnerve themselves for the proper conduct of the very substantial body of serious litigation which no social progress that we are ever likely to witness in this world can prevent, or divert into irregular channels.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

IN writing of great men who are just dead, it is always our custom rather to attempt an interim summing-up than a mere statement of facts. The voluminous fashion in which the daily papers have given fact and fiction about the late Mr. Froude would have dispensed us in any case from endeavouring to discard the fiction and repeat the fact. Of the story of Mr. Froude's Tractarian days, of his sudden and rather inexplicable revolt, of his literary apprenticeship, of his entrance into history, of the fierce and not altogether creditable controversies which followed, of his excursions into practical politics, of the again rather inexplicable episode of his performances as literary executor to Carlyle, little need here be said. We need not quote once more what is, perhaps, the best epigram of the century, nor touch on that irony of fate and Lord Salisbury which gave Mr. Froude most deservedly, as well as most ironically, the chair of History at Oxford in succession to his fiercest critic. We may try a somewhat higher flight.

On one point there should be little controversy. Last week English literature still had two leaders; now it has only one. Not since that rapid fall of the greatest writers of English which in the early Thirties drew from Wordsworth some of the best of his later lines, has there been such a thinning of the ranks of the captains of prose and verse as the last few years have seen. Lord Tennyson and Mr. Browning, Cardinal Newman and Mr. Arnold, had left us; Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Froude remained. There is no one but Mr. Ruskin now of the first class of veterans. The best of those who remain belong distinctly to the next generation, and perhaps they are not very numerous; certainly not more than one or two of them are ever likely to be ranked by posterity with those who have just been named. What younger generations still may have in store time will show; but it is not ungracious to say that the very best man, be he who he may, who has not yet reached fifty, will have to make new and strange progress before he can be ranked with those of whom only Mr. Ruskin survives.

Of these it is unnecessary to say who was the least; it is pretty certain that Mr. Froude could show good cause against being consigned to that still most honourable rank. His great voluminousness, a certain inequality (for he could be almost trivial, almost slovenly, sometimes), and, most of all, a curious absence of any very salient manner, have, perhaps, caused him, and may, perhaps, cause him, to be ranked a little lower than he deserved. Since English prose began to take liberties again in the days of George IV., its greatest masters have accustomed us to rather "ken-speckle" writing, as the excellent Scotticism has it—to styles distinctly, and almost ostentatiously, ear-marked. Any babe in criticism could distinguish the work, or the imitation of the work, of Macaulay, of Carlyle, of Mr. Arnold, of Mr. Ruskin. It did not require very great skill to do the same with the work, or the imitation of the work, of Landor, or even of Newman. But Mr. Froude's style was very much less differenced in appearance. It has been called "conversational"; but the persons who call it so must have been most exceptionally privileged in the persons with whom they have conversed. It had really—and this is what was probably meant—some resemblance to that kind of oratory which is least apparently ambitious. If Mr. Froude had stuck to the Church, and if there had been an audience now for such preaching as delighted the seventeenth century, he might have come not far short of Taylor, and (save in logical closeness) have equalled South. And, perhaps, this oratorical tendency helped that too celebrated inaccuracy of which so much has been said. The facts were to Mr. Froude texts for his discourse, not the stuff and substance of it. And in descanting on these texts he could vary and combine, with the most extraordinary felicity, the vernacular and the scholarly forms of speech or writing. His highest flights—which are scattered over all his work, though perhaps they are a little less frequent in the work of his last fifteen or twenty years—are unmatched for

beauty of the kind where the music is never too pompous or choral, the colours never too heavily laid on, the drawing never merely grandiose. In his lighter moods he was perfectly urbane and easy, without any of the twang of falsetto which sometimes spoilt Mr. Matthew Arnold's efforts. But the quality of his best middle work—as it may be called—of the ordinary tissue of his history and his essays, perhaps deserved the highest praise. It has rarely been equalled since the later Georgian time, when almost every considerable man of letters wrote good prose, and it has a flavour, a suspicion of colour and music, to which that class of prose did not often pretend.

How such a writer, with such a love for historical writing, could lay himself open as Mr. Froude did to the attacks of men who were unworthy to loose his shoelatchets in point of style, genius, patriotism, and even real historic grasp of the general kind, is hard enough to understand. But, as one of his newspaper biographers has very truly observed, "Mr. Froude was a very difficult man to understand" in more ways than one. It has been held by sober and acute critics that such a spiritual strain as that which Mr. Froude underwent between the ages of twenty and thirty always leaves something crooked and warped in the spiritual frame. This did not show itself in Froude quite as it did in the other ablest conquest of Rationalism from Tractarianism. Indeed, the comparison between Mr. Froude and Mark Pattison is very tempting to a literary Plutarch. A concentrated bitterness and an absorption in the minutest points of historical scholarship were the effect on Pattison. Froude overran half the fields of literature and history with a step as careless as it was confident, and certainly never showed in his books, or to the public, any sign of chagrin or distress. It would appear that he enjoyed his long life rather more than most men. He did a vast amount of work, but none of it ever lay at all heavy on his soul, as much did on his master Carlyle's. He was a sportsman—he never wrote, in his later years at least, anything more delightful than the paper in which he combined the tombs of the Russells with the catching of trout in the Chess—an untiring, if most self-willed, traveller; as much a man of the world, in most ways, as any man of letters of his time, except for a certain impractical, though far from ignoble, turn in his politics. But his character and story are full of puzzles, and it would not very much surprise us if they were never completely solved by any publication of *Letters* and of *Life*. How could so clever a man take so literally Carlyle's figurative denunciations of orthodoxy, which really were nothing but the "comminatory words" of an imaginative and over-bilious person who had only studied one little corner of distinctly parochial ecclesiasticism? Why, especially as he grew famous and fairly affluent, did he not adopt the ridiculously simple plan of hiring a competent amanuensis, or even a student proof-reader, to keep those errant feet of his from straying in the beggarly elements of fact and document? Why, above all, did he seriously lower his reputation, and incur a suspicion of the worst kind of treachery, by his incautious dealing with Carlyle's literary remains? We do not know the answer to these and other questions; we doubt whether we ever shall know it.

But certain things there are to know about Mr. Froude which few men are privileged to leave to the general knowledge when they die. It was his own business chiefly that his life was long; that he enjoyed, after one sharp trial, the liberty of living as he pleased and doing what he liked; that he earned comfort if not riches, distinction which ripened into fame. But three better things than these can be said of him, three of the best things possible to say of any Englishman. He wrote some of the best English of his time; he loved England heart and soul; and he hated democracy.

SHYLOCK AND DR. LOPEZ.

THE theory seems to prevail nowadays that Shakspeare can have invented nothing, and that it is necessary to find some living counterpart of any one of his characters before it can be considered as satisfactorily explained. Polonius is intelligible through Lord Burleigh; the grief of Constance is the reflexion of Shakspeare's melancholy on the death of his son Hamnet. This curious perversity has its origin in the fact that critics are not poets. Its latest manifestation is to be found in the thesis that Shakspeare could not possibly have thought of Shylock if it had not

been for Dr. Lopez. Mr. Sidney Lee, the accomplished successor of Mr. Leslie Stephen in the editorship of the *National Dictionary of Biography*, is, we believe, entitled to the credit of this discovery. He propounded it, some twelve or fourteen years ago, in an article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It has given rise to some controversy in the *English Historical Review*. In the July number of that interesting publication the Rev. Arthur Dimock wrote an account of "The Conspiracy of Dr. Lopez," on which Professor Hales comments in the current number of that periodical. This Dr. Lopez was a Portuguese physician of Jewish race who had settled in England. He was, however, a Christian by profession, being a baptized member of the Church of England. He soon became a fashionable physician. Stowe mentions him nearly at the head of his list of the leading practitioners of London. He was house physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and medical attendant of Walsingham and Essex, and of "sum of ye greatest lordes and ladyes," to say nothing of Queen Elizabeth herself, who showed her favour to him by the concession of certain leases and monopolies. He was afterwards accused, on grounds which Mr. Lee thinks to be insufficient, but which Mr. Dimock regards as conclusive, of accepting bribes from Philip II. to poison Queen Elizabeth; and was convicted of this offence and executed on Tower Hill, protesting his innocence.

From these facts, stated of course in much more detail, the inference is drawn that the Dr. Lopez of history was the Shylock of the play.

What there is in common between the fashionable London doctor, the Court favourite, the beneficiary of Royal bounty, and the Venetian money-lender, whom Antonio spat upon, called dog, and in that canine character "footed" over his threshold, would tax the collected abilities of the New Shakspeare Society to discover. The parallelisms are not very striking. Dr. Lopez was charged with attempting to poison Queen Elizabeth. Shylock says, "If you poison us, do we not die?" "If we poison you, do you not die?" would be more appropriate. Dr. Lopez was a baptized and professing Christian, who reiterated his confession of faith on the scaffold. Shylock was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, who was, indeed, sentenced to baptism, but whom Shakspeare considerably declines to follow to the font. Dr. Lopez, if the charge against him was true, sacrificed natural gratitude to avarice; Shylock sacrificed avarice to a not unnatural vindictiveness. But we need not follow into further detail a supposed parallelism which is all contrast and no resemblance. The origin of Shylock is plain enough. The story which Shakspeare adopted is told, as everybody interested in these matters knows, in the Fourth Day of Giovanni Fiorentino's *Pecorone*, in which the lady of Belmont appears in a very equivocal character—half-courtesan, half-brigand—and in which the relations of Bassanio and Antonio are not very exactly foreshadowed. In this story, as in the ballad of the Northern Lord and the Song of Gernutus, the Jew of Venice, which Mr. Collier and Mr. Hazlitt print as the sources of the play, the Jew merchant is influenced by a cold, impersonal malignity. He rejoiced "to have the satisfaction of saying that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants." What Shakspeare has done has been to supply a real human motive of Shylock's vindictiveness, a resentment of personal affront and indignity, a protest of race and religion against persecution. To that, without any warrant from his sources, he has added indications of strong and pure domestic affection, and a touch of good-natured tolerance for Launcelot Gobbo—"the patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder." Instead of joining his voice to the "Hep, hep, hep" of the Jew-baiters of his day, Shakspeare, without perhaps very distinctly intending it, made Shylock a human being. Starting with the conventional red-wigged, low-comic Jew of the Elizabethan stage, Shakspeare developed out of him the man, the husband of Leah, the father of Jessica, the champion of his sacred nation. The catastrophe was, perhaps, a concession to the general sentiment of his day, or a relapse into his own indulgence, even of intolerance. But the picture, as Professor Hales contends, though not, as it seems to us, always on the right grounds, in his article on "Shakspeare and the Jews" in the current number of the *English Historical Review*, is a plea for the Jew as a human being to human sympathy. After all, on this point, as on many others, Mr. Irving is the best commentator on Shakspeare.

HISTORICAL HIDE-AND-SEEK.

IN recent years it has been decided, apparently, that no historical work which does not repose on hitherto unpublished documents is worth writing or reading. This may be too strict doctrine; but belief in it must greatly add to human happiness, by increasing the number of persons who play at what we may call historical hide-and-seek. For various reasons, they are never likely to be a majority of the population; but we may assure those who have never played that no intellectual sport is at all equal to the excitement of searching for, discovering, and handling original documents. The archivist, or *chartiste*, is not regarded by the vulgar as an ideally happy man. He is not often young nor fair; his locks are worn of an unfashionable length, his aspect is dusty, and he seems to share Dr. Johnson's lack of enthusiasm for clean linen. The truth is that he may come forth daily in resplendent neatness, but the dust and frowziness of parchments, papers, old calf, and mouldering Russia leather soon leave a thick deposit. The player at historical hide-and-seek is, necessarily, spectacled, and, on the whole, the eye of beauty is not likely to distinguish him.

Yet this man is happy, because a form of sport is his vocation. He is always in pursuit of the veritable authentic past, as it exists in letters, despatches, reports of ambassadors, envoys, spies, and traitors. He is ever present at a spectacle resembling a private Doomsday and resurrection of the just and unjust. Lives long forgotten wake again; the written word (so often accompanied by the injunction "Burn this") remains, and has not been burned, but now whispers secrets unsuspected. The student penetrates into Courts, and learns how, in the secret cabinet of kings or popes, among the inmost circle of the most intimate advisers, there was a hired traitor, selling his prince and his cause, often very cheap. The traitor is discreetly spoken of by his employer, to his own Court, as "a person of consequence." Then comes the ardour of the hunt after this person's real name. His letters are before the spectacled sportsman. He finds, for example, that from Paris an honest Jacobite gentleman is writing weekly to a Minister of the exiled titular King of England at Rome. And, as regularly, every week, these Paris letters are forwarded by their recipient to Sir Horace Mann in Florence, who, again, sends them duly to the English Government in London. The very Cardinals about the Pontiff, in daily communication with the exile, are also in constant intercourse with Walpole's friend. Everything that is known is instantly revealed to Mann or to Walton in Florence. Every *chancellerie* in Europe, Ministers of France, Cardinals, statesmen in Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, every spy from the most trusted confidant to the lacquey, is engaged in hunting for the whereabouts of Charles Edward, and the secret, naturally known to women not a few, is kept for years in face of the European search. Then begins the dusty inquirer's own quest. "Who is the traitor?" he asks, and, by fitting this little fact to that hint, by casually lighting on some loose packets of old legal deeds and testaments, he discovers the mystery that has slumbered for a century and a half. The secrets of men's hearts are revealed, and the discoverer of a new planet, or stout Balboa on his peak of Darien, can hardly have enjoyed a keener excitement than Mr. Froude, in the desolation of Simancas, when he perused the letters that had lain so long unread. There are more innocent delights, when a long lost treatise, abandoned by hope, turns up on a shelf, as when Froissart's novel was recently discovered "where Alan Gregor found the tongs"—that is, in the Bibliothèque Nationale. It may not have the success of "le dernier de Monsieur Paul de Kock," or of M. Zola, but conceive the ecstasy of the discoverer! "One never wearies of hunting in this wood," says the mediæval book-hunter. Of course, the epigraphist has his joys when an old threshold in a Greek isle shows an inscription on its lower side, and there is at this hour a stone step in Flanders which has only to be turned up to reveal an archaeological treasure. But perhaps the papyrist, so to speak, has the best of the pursuit; he may find a perfect Sappho or an incorrupt Menander which serves to "line a box" in Egypt. Thus the world may smile at the sportsmen of the *inédit*; but their pursuit is really far more thrilling than any other form of the chase, except, perhaps, that of the treasure-hunter. But he is as seldom rewarded for his patience as the Tweed salmon-fisher in a year of drought; moreover, his is a commercial

passion. Unluckily, like all keen hands, the players at historical hide-and-seek are very keen and jealous, and many an owner of preserves—that is, of MSS.—neither hunts himself nor permits others to pursue the chase among his possessions. Nor is this odd, for of all poachers antiquaries are the most unscrupulous.

RACING.

IN short reviews of racing it is generally most convenient to consider separately the form of the four-year-olds and upwards, that of the three-year-olds, that of the two-year-olds, and also what may be called the handicap form; but in this particular year the most interesting thing has been the weight-for-age racing between the three-year-olds and the older horses. It was at one time the fashion to abuse the comparatively new ten-thousand-pound stakes; but this year, although one horse swept the board, the Princess of Wales Stakes, the Eclipse Stakes, and the Jockey Club Stakes gave us racing of extraordinary excellence and interest, and tested the relative merits of the three-year-olds and four-year-olds to an extent that was almost without precedent. Nor were races of this type exclusively confined to this side of the Channel. On Sunday, October 7th, at Paris, the Prix du Conseil Municipal, a weight-for-age race for three-year-olds and upwards, although not so rich a stake as either of the three just mentioned, was valuable enough to bring some of the best French and English form together, and our British champion, Best Man, with 13 lbs. the best of the weights, beat Callistrate easily by a length. Not the least interesting race of this class was the much less valuable Selection Stakes of 850*l.* at Sandown, which was run for yesterday week, when the aforesaid Best Man met his great rival, and reputed half-brother, Avington, as well as the winner of this year's St. Leger. It is seldom that a field of only three horses has excited more interest. Grand as was the form they represented, it was 12 lbs. below the best on the Cambridgeshire handicapping, as Avington had been put down to receive such an allowance from Isinglass for that race. In the same handicap Avington was to give 2 lbs. to Best Man; and, as Throstle had beaten Ladas for the St. Leger, and Ladas was probably a little less than 12 lbs. inferior to Isinglass, at weight for age, and Avington, Throstle, and Best Man were to meet exactly at weight for age and sex, Throstle had claims to rank first, Avington second, and Best Man third, in the betting. Instead of this, the favouritism was exactly the other way, partly because of Throstle's erratic temperament, and partly on account of Best Man's recent victory at Paris; and the event accurately confirmed the judgment of the backers. In coming up the straight the three horses were in a cluster; and, at the distance, Best Man and Avington were on even terms, with Throstle apparently getting up to them. As they drew nearer to the winning-post, Best Man was evidently going with the greatest ease of the trio, and at last he won by half a length, Avington finishing a neck in front of Throstle. If Throstle ran up to her St. Leger form, the race for the Selection Stakes would, at first sight, represent Ladas as inferior to Best Man and Avington at weight for age; but, over the extra five furlongs and 132 yards of the St. Leger course, it is likely enough that both Avington and Best Man might have to give way to Throstle; while at a mile, or a mile and a furlong, Ladas would probably beat Throstle for the second time, even were she in the best of humours and condition.

Admitting that, if horses of high class invariably won handicaps, bad indeed would be the handicapping, it is a pleasure to see a great handicap won by a good horse rather than by a lightly-weighted bad one; and when Childwick beat Callistrate for the Cesarewitch on 5 lbs. better terms than those at which Best Man had beaten him at Paris, but by four lengths instead of one, the horse that had cost the highest price ever given for a yearling (6,000 guineas) seemed worth most of that price, even when due allowance was made for the fact that Callistrate had had a severe race with Best Man three days earlier, and a sea voyage between times. A considerable portion of the 2,245*l.* worth of stakes which Childwick has won in three races has probably been absorbed by his forfeits, and his value may not have been very materially increased by beating Orme with an allowance of about 27 lbs. more than weight for age; yet a winner of a Cesarewitch by four lengths under a respectable

weight, and sired by St. Simon out of the famous Cesarewitch winner Plaisanterie, ought to be worth quite what Childwick cost, for a stallion. Or, to put it in another form, a colt that was handicapped for the Cesarewitch within 11 lbs. of Matchbox—a horse that is said to have been sold as a stallion to the Austrians for 18,000*l.*—and won the race easily enough to prove that he could have secured it with several more pounds on his back, ought to be worth more than a third of the value of Matchbox for the same purpose. He is a tall, narrow, wiry horse, and has very bad action in his slow paces; but he can gallop. As to Matchbox, his defeat by Speed for the Limekiln Stakes, this week, was a direct reversal of public form; for, a month ago, he gave Speed 14 lbs. and beat him by a length, and now, when giving only 1 lb. more, he was beaten three and a half lengths by Speed.

On her form of this season Indian Queen could scarcely have been given more weight for the Cambridgeshire than the 6 st. 2 lbs. assigned to her by the handicappers; but whether a filly that had won her only race as a two-year-old—a race worth 46*z*l., in which she beat several winners and won by six lengths—should have been let off quite so easily we venture to doubt. Be that as it may, how she managed to have the whole Cambridge field beaten at the Bushes and to win with such ridiculous ease, in the face of her previous running of this year, is a mystery which we will not attempt to fathom. Light as was her burden, her victory made the purchase of Melton by the Italians more to be regretted than ever. The sire of such horses as Bullington, Avington, Best Man, and Indian Queen can ill be spared. Nor have we any cause for complaining that too many important handicaps have been won under very light weights during the present year; for, of the forty-five principal handicaps, two have been won under 9 st. or more, fifteen under 8 st. or more, twenty-three under 7 st. or more, while only five were won under less than 7 st. As to the Cambridgeshire itself, it had not been won with so light a weight for nineteen years. We Englishmen are not over-pleased when a French horse wins one of our great races; but we may well afford a little sympathy for the unfortunate Callistrate, who has been second, this season, for the Ascot Cup, second for the Alexandra Plate, second for the Prix du Conseil Municipal, second for the Cesarewitch, and third for the Cambridgeshire.

A race which, although a handicap, acted as a sort of reflection of some of the most interesting weight-for-age races of the season was the valuable Duke of York Stakes at Kempton on October 6th; for it was won by St. Florian, who had run fourth to Isinglass for both the Princess of Wales Stakes and the Jockey Club Stakes; while its third and fourth places were secured by Avington and Throstle, who were afterwards to run second and third for the Selection Stakes. As St. Florian was receiving 27 lbs. more than weight for age from Avington, and 26 lbs., allowing 3 lbs. for sex, from Throstle, and finished very little more than a length in front of Avington, while Throstle was close to the latter, his victory, if a decided improvement upon his previous running, could scarcely be called a reversal of public form. St. Florian is a fine, powerful, lengthy colt, with more size than many of St. Simon's stock; his point most open to fault-finding in the eyes of the critics is his shoulders, which have been pronounced heavy, and his movement in his gallop displeases some people.

The Middle Park Plate threw very little light on next year's Derby, as Speedwell, the winner, was receiving 4 lbs. from Keelson and Raconteur, the second and third, and only won by a neck. Raconteur is too overgrown a colt to be estimated for future events solely upon his running of this season. Kirkconell, who ran him to a head for third place, was giving him 3 lbs. The whole Middle Park Plate form was somewhat depreciated by that shown previously at York, when Whittier gave Keelson 7 lbs. and beat him by a length and a half. According to that running, Whittier would appear to be the best of the two-year-olds, especially as he beat such a smart old six-furlong horse as Amandier for the Challenge Plate at the Newmarket Second October Meeting. Neither Whittier nor Keelson, however, is entered for the Derby. Another brilliant two-year-old, considered by some judges among the best of his year, and unentered for the Derby, is Marco, a Barcardine colt that beat Grey Leg very easily, at weight for age, at Newmarket, and in the same race gave a decisive beating to La Sagease, who showed a return to her spring form a week

later by winning the Orleans Nursery Handicap under a heavy weight. It is possible that Lord Rosebery may once more disturb the Nonconformist conscience by winning the Derby with Sir Visto, who won the Kempton Park Imperial Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, a race worth 4,300*l.*, over a mile—a long course for two-year-olds—from a dozen opponents. He has been much admired; but in the opinion of some critics he is rather "split up," and is a trifle light in his back ribs. He is a big, lean, hardy-looking colt on excellent limbs, with grand shoulders and muscular quarters, and he ran like a stayer at Kempton. There were good judges who considered Kirkconell the handsomest horse in the field for the Middle Park Plate; others thought that next season Raconteur would be the best-looking, and probably the best colt, of his year. They were confirmed in this opinion when Raconteur won the Dewhurst Plate on Thursday last. Another backward but excellent two-year-old in his stable, though not entered for the Derby, is The Lombard, by Petrarch, who has only run once in public and then won his race. Speedwell himself, again, is somewhat backward, and his winning the Middle Park Plate does him all the more credit in consequence. He is a great, fine, powerful bay colt, with a capital back, and he ought to become a grand horse some day; but whether he is of the stamp to make a stayer may be open to question. A 20-to-1 outsider won the Great Sapling Plate of 1,000*l.* from eighteen opponents at Sandown last week. She is a St. Simon filly named Saintfield, and she was said to have been beaten in her trial; but, valuable as was the stake, the form cannot be considered very high. The Galopin colt, Solaro, who had only once been beaten, won his third race in the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket under 9 st. 6 lbs. He is another of the colts with plenty of size, and he must not be forgotten in calculations for the Derby. Quite a different sort of colt is Cayenne, whose narrow victory for the Criterion Stakes, on Tuesday last, was no very grand performance at the weights. He is an own brother to Grey Leg, whom he resembles in containing width of quarter, bone, and power, combined with quality, in rather a small compass. The half-bred Curzon, who had shown a good deal of form of high-class, won the Troy Stakes with great ease; and he was lately handicapped by the Newmarket officials on a par with Raconteur and Kirkconell.

MONEY MATTERS.

ANTI-PROTECTIONISM IN FRANCE.

THE opposition to the new French Tariff, introduced a couple of years ago, seems to be gathering strength. The Minister of Commerce on Saturday last was received by the Lyons Chamber of Commerce, and the President of the Chamber, who is a wealthy banker as well as an eminent economist, spoke very strongly against the Tariff, declaring that it was ruinous to exporters, and benefited only large landowners and a few monopolist industries. In his reply the utmost the Minister ventured to say was that a fair trial should be given to the Tariff, from which it seems safe to infer that he is not a very strong advocate of the extreme Protectionism which has now been adopted by France. M. Raynal, an ex-Minister, on the same day, speaking at Rheims, advocated an agitation for commercial treaties, saying that the new system was seriously injuring industry. On the other hand, the Minister of Agriculture maintains that Protection has greatly mitigated the agricultural depression. The truth is that each year since the enforcement of the Tariff French trade has been falling off. But, of course, the whole decline is not to be attributed to the excessive Customs duties. Trade everywhere throughout the world is bad; there is an absence of speculation, an unwillingness to enter into new enterprises; and the immediate neighbours of France are—in two cases, at all events—suffering exceptionally. We refer, of course, to Italy and Spain. A portion of the decline, then, is properly due to the world-wide depression that has existed ever since the Baring crisis. But, when we make full allowance for the general depression, there can be little doubt that the new duties are weighing heavily upon the industries of France. They are extravagantly great, and they are turning away business from France to other countries. The President of the

Lyons Chamber of Commerce illustrated this by saying that the Tariff had succeeded in preventing much Swiss silk from being imported into France, but that the Swiss manufacturers had simply sent their goods to England, and that the final result was that Lyons had to encounter a much severer competition in this country than formerly, and was losing part of the trade to the Swiss. That is the usual consequence of excessive duties. Goods are shut out from the extremely Protectionist countries, and the manufacturers are compelled to seek other markets. There is thus a diversion of trade; and while a highly Protectionist country succeeds in preventing competition within its own borders, it finds that the competition outside becomes keener and keener, and that its own manufacturers have to pay extravagantly high prices for the raw materials of their industries. And the effect of the duties in France has been intensified by the policy newly adopted both by Germany and by Austria-Hungary of negotiating commercial treaties with other countries. There seems to be no doubt that some portion of the trade formerly done by Italy, Switzerland, and Roumania with France is being diverted to Germany and Austria as well as to this country. At the same time the feeling in those countries is made less friendly to France. She has shut out the goods of her neighbours, and those neighbours naturally resent such conduct, and are less cordial than they were before. Economically and politically, then, France is being injured, while the more liberal treaties concluded by Germany are attracting to her the countries that are shut out by France. The matter is the more serious because of the extremely heavy Budget which France maintains. The other day she succeeded in converting a large part of her debt, and thereby saved between two and three millions sterling every year. But she cannot afford to apply this money either to the redemption of debt or to the remission of taxes; it is required to meet the ever-growing demands of the army and the navy. Even with this wind-fall the Minister of Finance is unable to make both ends meet, and he is proposing new taxation which is exciting a strong opposition throughout the country. The weight of taxation is necessarily felt more because of the badness of trade. There is one other evil influence of these excessive duties—they have helped to stimulate a very rash speculation in various kinds of goods, particularly in the woollen trade of Northern France. The advantages expected from the Tariff have not been obtained by the woollen manufacturers; and very unfavourable accounts are now given of the state of the French woollen trade. Under all the circumstances, then, it seems probable that an agitation will spring up for a reduction of the excessive duties. That Free-trade will be adopted is in the highest degree improbable, for the expenditure could not be maintained without a large income from Customs duties. But, while there is not any likelihood of even an approach to Free trade, there is an extreme probability either that the public will revolt against the Méline Tariff, as happened in America with regard to the McKinley Tariff, or else that the Government will be compelled by the force of public opinion to negotiate commercial treaties with the principal countries of Europe. The difficulty, of course, is that France is mainly a country of small landed proprietors, and that it is very generally believed by them that agriculture has been benefited—or, at all events, been protected from severe suffering—by the new Tariff. If the agricultural classes insist upon the Tariff, the chance of repealing or reducing it is not very great. But, of course, the Government might negotiate commercial treaties, while maintaining the Méline Tariff against such countries as did not give her favourable terms.

There is no change to report in the money market. There continues to be a demand for gold from abroad, and apparently a French demand is about to spring up. But there is no enterprise anywhere, there is exceedingly little demand for banking accommodation, and rates consequently are unchanged.

The India Council has again sold its drafts fairly well this week. As usual, it offered for tender on Wednesday 40 lakhs, and sold the whole amount at about 1s. 1½d. per rupee. The chief support of the market is said to come from China. Chinese buyers are paying for their purchases in India by obtaining Council drafts here. In India itself trade is exceedingly slack, and consequently there is little demand for remittance. In the silver market there

continues to be a fair demand for China, and the price is fluctuating about 29d. per oz.

The Czar's illness, the war in the Far East, and the political apprehensions all over Europe are checking business everywhere, particularly upon the Stock Exchange and the Bourses. There is naturally a very anxious feeling in Paris, and strong fears are entertained that there may be a scare upon the Bourse there. In Paris it is believed that the Russian Government is making every effort to support the market for its securities. The Russian Government necessarily has to keep very large amounts of money in Paris, and it is using its funds for the time being in buying freely. So, at least, the report runs; and the report seems to be confirmed by a circular said to have been sent out by the Russian Finance Minister to the leading bankers at home, requesting them to avoid speculation, and to do their utmost to support prices. So far the efforts have succeeded. The ultimate result, however, depends upon the action of French investors. If they take fright, and sell largely, there must inevitably be a considerable fall. For the moment, however, there is a better feeling both at home and abroad than there was last week. On Wednesday there was an improvement in Argentine securities caused by a rumour that a quarter of a million sterling nominal of Buenos Ayres Waterworks stocks had been taken over by the same Syndicate which has already bought a considerable amount. The market, too, has been encouraged by the progress of the Settlement on the Stock Exchange. All the loans required were easily obtained at from 1½ to 1¾ per cent., and the account was found to be not nearly so large as had been anticipated. There has been some revival this week in speculation in South African gold, diamond, and land shares. Operators are inclined to think that, whatever may happen, the South African market will not suffer much. War, the City thinks, will be avoided; and, though there may be scares from time to time, causing trouble in other departments, the South African market will not be much affected. Consequently speculators who a little while ago were dealing in inter-Bourse, American, and South American securities, are now directing their attention mainly to the South African market. There is no doubt at all that the South African gold-fields are wonderfully rich, that the output of the metal is increasing month by month, and that many districts, as yet almost untouched, are likewise very valuable. In spite of that, however, if there is a serious fall in any department, other markets will suffer likewise. In the first place, the speculators upon the Continent in inter-Bourse securities are also large operators in the South African market, and, if they should lose heavily by a fall in inter-Bourse securities, many of them will necessarily be compelled to sell the South African securities they hold in order to meet their obligations. The great operators, however, are confident that the Russian Government and the bankers through whom it deals will be able to maintain prices in Paris; that, if Paris is not frightened, there will not be much fall elsewhere; and that, therefore, the very anxieties caused by political complications will tend to increase business in the South African department. Not only, therefore, are the great operators dealing directly, but many of them are said to be forming syndicates, and even banks, for the purpose of taking a much larger interest in South African securities than they have ever done before. It will be well, however, for the general public to keep aloof from speculation. Nobody can tell what may happen from day to day, and consequently the best laid plans may be thwarted. But if there should be a serious fall in sound securities, that would afford an opportunity for investors to buy with advantage to themselves. Of course, a great war would send down the prices of good and bad securities alike; but, if war is averted, there will by-and-by be a considerable improvement, and those, moreover, who buy while the Bourses are alarmed will do well. But every one should be careful to buy only what he can pay for. Money is exceedingly cheap, and bankers are ready to lend on very easy terms. But if there were to be a scare, bankers would be alarmed like everybody else, and loans then might generally be called in. We must again repeat the warnings we have given so often, that this is not a time for incurring risks; that those only should buy who have the money by them to pay for what they purchase; and they should be sure likewise that they will not need the money

if accidents happen. The general uneasiness is unfortunately checking trade improvement. The recovery is thus likely to be much slower than seemed probable a few months ago. The end of the coal strike in Scotland is, of course, favourable to industry at home; and the exceedingly low prices of all kinds of commodities are favourable to consumers. But without confidence there cannot be much revival, and confidence can hardly return as long as political apprehension lasts.

A quarter of a million sterling nominal of Buenos Ayres Drainage and Waterworks bonds, belonging to the Baring estate, has been sold to the Syndicate which made previous purchases of these securities. The price has not been announced; but it is understood to be 58½. We believe that the whole debt due from the estate to the Bank of England is now brought under 2 millions. Practically, therefore, the danger of a call upon the guarantors is past. The only question that remains is as to what the surplus will be which will revert to the partners in the old firm of Baring Brothers.

Consols closed on Thursday at 101½, being a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; the Two and a Half per Cents closed at 100½, a rise of ½; India Threes closed at 100½, a rise of ½; and Victoria Three and a Half closed at 97½, a rise of ½. In the Home Railway market London and North-Western closed at 174½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Great Western closed at 164½, a fall of ½; Great Eastern closed at 78, a fall of 1½; and London and Brighton Undivided closed at 168, a fall of 2; but Midland Ordinary closed at 154, a rise of ½. In the American market prices are lower without exception. For example, Central Pacific shares, which are quite unsuited to investors, closed at 14½, a fall of ½; Baltimore and Ohio, which is paying a dividend, though some years ago it suspended doing so, closed at 69½, a fall of 1; and Illinois Central, a regular dividend-paying stock, closed at 93½, a fall of ½. Mexican Railway First Preference stock closed at 62, a fall of 1½. This First Preference stock is entitled to a dividend of 8 per cent.; but owing to the fall in silver, and to the great competition of other railways, it was known that the dividend would be exceedingly small—the general estimate in the market was 1½ per cent. per annum. The actual dividend was announced on Thursday, at the rate of ¾ per cent. per annum, or for the six months 7s. 6d. instead of the 4l. to which the holders are entitled. Owing to the purchase of Buenos Ayres Waterworks stock there has been a general advance in Argentine securities. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday at 69, a rise for the week of 3; Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 105, a rise of 1½; Argentine Government bonds of '86 closed at 68½, a rise of ½; and the Funding Loan closed at 71, a rise of 1½. In the inter-Bourse department there has been an advance in Russian Fours, which closed at 99, a rise of 1½; Bulgarian Sixes rose 1, having closed at 100. In the South African department De Beers diamond shares closed at 171½, a rise of ½; African Gold Recovery shares closed at 2½, a rise of ½; and in the general mining market Rio Tinto shares closed at 151½, a rise of ½.

REVIEWS.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE.

HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A Constitutional History of the House of Lords. By L. O. PIKE.
London: Macmillan & Co.

THE author of the book before us is careful to state in his preface that its publication at "a time when there is some political agitation in reference to the House of Lords" is an accident, since it has been written without any political intention, and is the product of researches extending over many years. No reader of his pages will question the accuracy of any one of these statements. The subject which Mr. Pike has chosen is constitutional history, in the most restricted sense, and he has studiously confined himself to a consideration of the origin and changes of the several constituent parts of the House, and the titles of its members to their seats, their dignities, and privileges.

Such glimpses of general history as Hallam and Stubbs have freely admitted into their narratives are here rigidly excluded, and the work is made up, for the most part, of collections of precedents and instances, sought out with the indefatigable curiosity of a scholar, and arranged with the skill of an able lawyer. It is the nature and form of the machinery, and not the manner or results of its working, with which the author is concerned.

What may be called the external history of the House of Lords can be very summarily described. The House is the direct descendant of the Curia Regis, to which the great officials of the kingdom, and such of their tenants-in-chief as they chose to summon, were called to attend by the Norman and early Plantagenet kings. The only breaks in its continuity were those occasioned by the separation from it of the Privy Council, under Richard II., which put an end to the legislative powers of the king in Council, till then concurrent with those of the king and Parliament; the loss of the abbots upon the dissolution of the monasteries, under Henry VIII., which finally determined the numerical balance of the lay and spiritual peers; and the removal of the bishops in 1640, and their restoration by the second Parliament of Charles II. Judging only by facts and events noticed on the Statute-book, or recognized in courts of law, the House of Lords is, in its composition and powers, practically the same as it was five or six centuries ago, while its effective force in the Constitution has been completely altered. Even in strict legal theory, however, there have been some noticeable changes. Attendance was at first an onerous burden cast upon the barons by the tenure of their land, as Mr. Pike shows from many authorities in records of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Prior of Spalding, for instance, in 15 Edward III., claimed and obtained exemption on the ground that he did not hold of the king by barony, and that he and his predecessors had not been summoned to Parliaments or Councils uniformly, but only at intervals, and had attended only when they were willing to do so. The modern view, stated by Coke, that the title of a peer was and is by summons and session grew up only when a seat in the House towards the end of the fourteenth century became a valued privilege. The first recorded creation of barons by patent took place under Richard II., and till then a barony was never regarded as an individual dignity held without reference to title to land. The new method of creation was for long but sparingly used, and the creation of twelve peers by Anne led to an unsuccessful attempt by the Lords to limit the power of creation. Since the accession of George I., however, by this means the membership of the House, which under Henry VIII. numbered about 100 only, has been increased from 278 to 568.

Representatives of the Commons were first summoned to Parliament under Henry III., and the three Edwards frequently, and their successors regularly, pursued the same course. For some centuries the Commons did little more than make bargains in regard to the taxation determined on, much in the way that delegates from particular boroughs, specially summoned to confer with the king, had done before representation in Parliament was thought of. The position of the Commons right down to Tudor times was, indeed, quite subordinate; thus, in the reign of Henry V., they did not even claim the right to decide upon a controverted election to their own body, but left it to the Lords. Upon the disputed question when the Houses were first physically separated Mr. Pike has found no fresh authority. He treats the matter as of little importance; for, he says, it is easy to show that the two bodies were always distinct. They appear to have been present in the same chamber, at least on some occasions, under Henry V.—and they had no separate journals until the reign of Henry VIII. The shifting of the balance of power between the Lords and Commons falls outside the scope of this book; but it is incidentally referred to in connexion with an account of the action of the Lords upon the Reform Bill. That action, as the author states, affords no colour of support for the current opinion that the Lords ought to give way whenever it is clearly shown that the country at large is in favour of a measure to which they are opposed. All that happened was that the personal influence of the king with individual members of the House was successfully exerted in favour of the Bill in question. It is, of course, common knowledge that the predominance of the House of Commons dates from the time of the Great Rebellion; but the steps of the gradual self-effacement of the Peers have never been traced, although, in the light of some present discussions, their history has exceptional interest. It would be especially valuable to learn how often the Upper House have yielded, as in the quarrel about a money Bill in 1677 they declared they did, "out of tenderness that the whole may not suffer by our insisting on that which is our undoubted right."

Many smaller questions upon which modern views are not in

consonance with the contemporary records are considered in the book. Thus it is shown by evidence drawn from various sources that the Spiritual Peers, to whose position and claims many pages are devoted, were at first summoned by reason of tenure, and were, in almost every way, treated precisely as were the Lay Peers. Upon the problem suggested by the action of the present Lord Coleridge, whether the son of a peer necessarily vacates his seat in the Commons on his father's death, or only on applying for a writ of summons to the Lords, the author declines to venture an opinion, there being no precedent in point, and the analogies from settled cases being in conflict. Incidentally, an interesting light is sometimes thrown upon ordinary history by the results of Mr. Pike's researches and acquaintance with the mediæval records. He shows, for instance, that the famous provision of Magna Charta, that no freeman should be imprisoned or proceeded against, except by the judgment of his peers, or in accordance with the law of the land, had no reference to trial by jury, and no bearing upon the trial of Peers by the House of Lords. The judgment referred to was merely the then common judgment of a Baronial Court. The origin of the three great Courts of Common Law is also discussed, and the author departs from received opinion by placing it at earlier dates, and by adjudging precedence in definite separation from the Curia Regis to the Common Pleas.

The greater part of the authorities cited belong to pre-Tudor times, and a distinguishing feature of the work is the constant reference made to the contemporaneous law reports of the Year-books. Unquestionably the information with regard to our early institutions found in these reports is of the greatest value, but a case cited by Mr. Pike suggests that their testimony is not always above suspicion. The Year-Book of 1 Henry IV. contains, it appears, a circumstantial account of the trial of an Earl of Huntingdon; while the Parliament Roll of the following year explicitly states that the Earl was executed untried.

The book claims to have been "written from original sources," and indications that it has been so written are found on nearly every page. Without, however, for a moment questioning the extensive character of the author's researches, it may be suggested that references to the older writers, and to such collections as the voluminous *Reports on the Dignity of a Peer*, by which Mr. Pike's attention must have been directed to his authorities in many instances, would have been not only generous but useful to his readers. As an old student of early legal records in black letter and manuscript, and as the present editor of the Rolls Series of Year-Books, he has had exceptional qualifications for his task, and he has made use of them to produce a work of great weight and authority. It does not exhaust the subject, for an account of the introduction and changes of forms and names, of the creation and the titles of lay barons or spiritual peers, and of the nature and origin of the rights and privileges of individual lords, is not the whole of even the constitutional history of the House of Lords. Possibly the appearance of this work will suggest to some equally capable writer the preparation of a companion volume, dealing with the working of the Upper House, the growth of the conventions which limit its powers, and its place and value in the Constitution, especially as shown by its action in the last and the present centuries.

FOR THE PEOPLE?

The Use of Life. By the Right Hon. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is a distinguished and accomplished man, and calls himself, or boasts that he has been called, an optimist; but his opinion of the tastes of the book-buying British public is lower than most men would care to avow. Whether the short discourses of which this volume consists have previously appeared in the columns of the *Tit-Bits* press, or have been orally delivered to Christian (very) Young Men's Associations, the reader is not informed; but in substance and style alike Sir John has deliberately written down to a standard of platitudinous mediocrity which we cannot imagine him to have reached without acute personal suffering. It may be noble self-sacrifice, and it may be likely to do the greatest good to the greatest number; but, for all that, we find it impossible to contemplate the result with nearly as much admiration as sympathetic astonishment. There are nineteen little chapters, occupying 303 small and nicely printed pages. A large proportion—nearly half, we should think—is occupied by quotations from the Bible, and from almost every standard author. Of these a great many are exceedingly familiar. Sir John's own reflections are like this:—"How many could be happy with the blessings which are recklessly wasted or

thrown away!" "To be virtuous is to be truly free; vice is the real slavery." "While, however, we should be grateful, and enjoy to the full the innumerable blessings of life, we cannot expect to have no sorrows or anxieties." "Prosperity and happiness do not by any means always go together, and many people are miserable who have, as it would seem, everything to make them happy." (This precise phrase occurs—like the song of "the wise thrush"—twice over, on pp. 19 and 268.) "Never lose a chance of giving pleasure. Be courteous to all." "Be wary and keep cool. A cool head is as necessary as a warm heart. In any negotiations, steadiness and coolness are invaluable; while they will often carry you in safety through times of danger and difficulty." "Be frank and yet reserved." "Be cautious, but not over-cautious." "We must dress, therefore we should do it well, though not too well." "You will never gain your object by putting people out of humour, or making them look ridiculous." (Does it not rather depend upon what your object is?) All these examples come from the first two essays, one called "The Great Question"—which appears to be how to make the best of life—and the other "Tact."

Perhaps we ought hardly to complain that in writing observations which one can hardly think of as written otherwise than in the round hand of a copybook, the style is frequently neglected to the point of obscurity. "It is far more easy to read books than men. In this the eyes are a great guide." A person chancing on this passage might feel sure that this was a hasty and inaccurate way of saying that eyes were useful in "reading" men. Having perused all the essays we are not absolutely certain that Sir John did not mean to say, as he does say, that eyes are a great guide in reading books. And if it means in reading men, whose eyes? A similar instance is "Light and entertaining books are valuable, just as sugar is an important article of food, especially for children, but we cannot live on it." The meaning is obvious; but the construction tempts the reader to ask what it is that we cannot live on. This occurs in an essay on "Patriotism":—"I have mentioned the restoration of the French colonies—a small part of the exertions and sacrifices made to put down this abominable traffic." The abominable traffic is the slave trade, but the concluding part of the preceding paragraph has been about something quite different.

Sir John's extraordinary resolution to be trite in substance as well as not inspiring in style fails him once, in a paper on "Faith." For nearly a page he develops an argument which is both sound and useful, but by no means hackneyed—namely, that the wise course for a man to take with a large proportion of the statements made to him on miscellaneous subjects is neither to believe nor to disbelieve them, but to abstain from having an opinion either way. But it is a momentary lapse, and we revert to "Prosperity and happiness do not by any means always go together," and "Do not think too much of yourself." The volume ends, as it were in mordant satire, with Kingsley's famous stanza recommending goodness rather than cleverness to young ladies. It is likely that Sir John knows his audience, and gives them what they like, and what is good for them. That is most fortunate for them, and most creditable to him; but if we were in his place we would rather they went without.

THREE BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

From Edinburgh to the Antarctic. By W. G. BURN MURDOCH. London: Longmans & Co. 1894.

MR. BURN MURDOCH'S artistic enthusiasm does him infinite credit, and the result of an adventurous expedition is an interesting and charmingly illustrated volume. A medical friend had shipped as surgeon in one of a fleet of four whalers fitted out by an enterprising Dundee firm and despatched to the Antarctic Ocean. The object of the chase was a peculiar species of whale, the existence of which in those seas had been reported by Sir James Ross, and which carries in its ponderous jaws a modest fortune, for whalebone when the expedition sailed was quoted at 2,500*l.* per ton. None of those valuable *cetaceæ* were killed or even sighted, because, as Mr. Murdoch asserts, it was conducted on mistaken principles, though the ships did fairly well by filling up with seals. He regrets that the skippers turned their attention solely to profit, and were contemptuously indifferent to scientific research. Nevertheless, he and his medical colleague—for he signed the ship's articles as assistant-surgeon at a wage of ten shillings per month—made various curious discoveries in ornithology and marine biology. Mr. Murdoch took things very cheerfully, but the voyage must have been a sore trial to temper, patience, and digestion. The old ship was strongly manned—she had a crew of nearly fifty hands—but her average speed was

three or four knots, and she was perpetually delayed by baffling head-winds which frequently freshened into violent gales. His quarters were in a coffin-like cabin near the screw; the fare was chiefly salt junk, till they were able to indulge in the luxury of penguin stews, and the *Balana* was practically a temperance ship. The fore-castle hands were compulsory abstainers, and very little liquor was to be had in the cabin. Even drinkable water became a scarce commodity, and Mr. Murdoch has sad recollections of his sufferings from thirst when becalmed beneath the blazing sun of the tropics. We have summed up in these few sentences the first half of the book, which faithfully reflects the dreary routine of a monotonous, ascetic, disagreeable existence. We might well have been spared the familiar details of the rites and ceremonies on crossing the Equator. But the interest quickens after touching the Falkland Isles, and afterwards the novice had excitement enough. As they sailed to the South the weather became more and more stormy; the seas rolled and broke in tremendous surges, with a swell of almost inconceivable length, and they found themselves threading archipelagos of icebergs, in which they often sought shelter till a hurricane had blown itself out. These bergs were of far more stupendous dimensions than the biggest in the Arctic seas. The length of one of them was estimated at seven miles. Mr. Murdoch was struck with the seeming recklessness with which the old vessel was driven at the floe ice. Her timbers shook and trembled, but stood the blows, when fatal rifts must have been torn in the plates of an iron steamer. Seals of enormous size swarmed on the floes, and sometimes on the gentler slopes of the icebergs; and he gives most revolting descriptions of the butchery. The unsophisticated animals let themselves be easily approached, and, though they gnashed the teeth in their formidable jaws, they were virtually helpless. The great, soft, ox-like eyes seemed to plead for the mercy they never received; they succumbed to repeated blows of the ice-axe, and were sometimes being skinned and cut up before the life had departed. The canny Scottish seamen worked with a will, for they had a fraction of a farthing as commission on each seal that was butchered. For weeks their clothes were soaked in blood and blubber, nor was Mr. Murdoch in any better case, for the surgeons on board a sealer have to work with the common seamen. There was always a serious element of danger in these boat expeditions, for they might be enveloped at any moment in impenetrable fogs, or caught in the tenacious clutch of the ice-pack. Yet he declares that he felt himself amply rewarded by the sublime grandeur of these wintry scenes, with the glorious light that illuminated the ice-peaks of that Antarctic Switzerland, and, as we admire his drawings, we are ready to believe him.

Incidents of Foreign Sport and Travel. By Colonel POLLOK, Author of "Sport in British Burma" &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

After a tolerably extensive perusal of sporting literature we can conscientiously declare that we have never met with a volume so full of marvellous incident as that of Colonel Pollok. His father and grandfather were sporting and fighting soldiers in our Indian service, he was entered early to the pursuit of game, and he is a striking illustration of the doctrine of heredity. He has been quartered in the best sporting districts between Assam and Cape Comorin; he has spent many years in the Burmese jungles, and he has shot both in East and West Africa and in Syria. The standard Indian authorities of our acquaintance, such as "the Old Forest Ranger," and Colonel Forsyth, of "the Central Highlands," speak of the skulking tiger as generally a solitary animal, and uncommonly hard to hunt up. Colonel Pollok has frequently flushed them in coveys, if we may use the word, and it was a trifle to see three or four afoot at a time. Moreover, it has been his luck to witness many deadly combats between savage animals in their native wilds, and these strange encounters he describes with equal gusto and spirit. Perhaps the most remarkable was when he was watching a corpse by moonlight, looking out for the return of a man-eater to his victim. The corpse was seen to move its hands, naturally communicating a sympathetic tremor to the watcher's seasoned nerves. Then came a rush and a bound, and a brindled mass precipitated itself on the body. There followed a yell of agony, then a crunching of bones, and all was silent. The corpse could hardly have tackled the tiger, and Colonel Pollok passed an anxious night waiting for daybreak to elucidate the mystery. It turned out that a python had been lubricating the body, when the tiger took his header into the fatal folds. It is needless to say that the Colonel had innumerable hairbreadth escapes. Once he was treed by a tiger, when the position became almost untenable owing to the voracious onslaughts of a legion of red ants. Again, he was treed by a wounded buffalo, that could

just tickle him with his formidable horns, and all the time he was hanging on by his eyelids and a hand that was pierced through by a thorn. He had many an exceedingly close shave with buffaloes, bison, and wild cattle; and not unfrequently the buffalo would madly charge home, even when the sportsman was seated in a howdah on elephant-back. He mentions, by the way, the singular fact that the wild buffalo bulls are often encouraged to herd with the half-domesticated cows in the rutting season; though the natives find it difficult to separate the sultan from his seraglio when his services as paterfamilias may be dispensed with. Then an English rifle-shot is a welcome ally, and some of Colonel Pollok's most perilous exploits were in these circumstances. But perhaps the most dramatic episode of all was when he exterminated a colony of man-eating leopards. It is narrated with no little artistic skill. The Colonel had arrived at a village which, with very good reason, was in a horror-stricken panic. Day after day the people were disappearing by the half-dozen, and, strange to say, considering the presence of professional shikaris and trackers, no one could suggest a better solution of the mystery than that the place must be haunted by a demon. The inhabitants migrated bodily to another village a few miles away; Colonel Pollok and his party accompanied them, and still the devil followed on their track. The end of it was that, watching from a *muchan*, he shot one man-eating leopard and wounded another; following up the blood marks by a path bestrewn with human flesh and bones, he reached the lair of the leopards, which was in a couple of hollow trees. Firing the surrounding jungle, the trees were burned, with their tenants, and, on raking away the embers, there was ocular proof that no fewer than fifteen leopards had perished.

Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan. By LAFCADIO HEARN. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1894.

These *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* are by a man who is unusually familiar with the country, the people, and their language. Mr. Hearn had been for several years teacher of English in a Japanese college, and consequently had been in habitual contact with men of culture and refinement. Moreover, he has no religious prejudices of any sort, for he frankly avowed he was no Christian, and had rather a fancy for the philosophy of Buddha. His book will be a standard authority on somewhat recondite subjects in which few Englishmen are very deeply interested. Temples and shrines had an almost morbid attraction for him, and he did his best, not unsuccessfully, to master the pagan mythology and native worship of the remarkable people who have acclimatized European constitutions and methods, and who have abandoned the antiquated weapons of the last generation for the ironclads, machine guns, and rifles which they handle with deadly effect. Mr. Hearn tells nearly all that can be told, and a good deal more than most people care to know, of the saints and priests, sects and superstitions, rites and ceremonies, legends and traditions of the Japanese. We need not say that he mentions incidentally not a few remarkable facts, and some with a practical bearing upon politics. For example, he informs us that an excellent education is fabulously cheap. For three or four English pounds per annum the student is lodged, fed, and taught. But Mr. Hearn thinks that the low and scanty diet of rice tells seriously on the intellectual strength of the immature; yet we should not have said that young Japan was lacking in brain-power. The volumes are written in a somewhat poetical and high-flown strain, and we are bound to say we enjoy them most when they treat of such comparatively trivial subjects as the tea-houses and the gardens with their frogs and snakes, and the various other domestic nuisances which trouble the denizens of his earthly paradise.

DÖLLINGER'S ADDRESSES.

Addresses on Historical and Literary Subjects [in continuation of "Studies in European History"]. By JOHN IGNATIUS VON DÖLLINGER, D.D., late Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Munich. Translated by Margaret Warre. London: John Murray. 1894.

WHEN in the first days of 1890 the news of Döllinger's death reached this country every educated Englishman shared in the feeling that the world had lost a man remarkable alike for his intellectual attainments and for the nobility of his character. An earlier volume of his academical addresses, translated by Miss Warre, having, as we are glad to hear from her, met with a warm welcome, she has translated here eight more of his lectures, for the most part edited in Germany after his death. Some of these lectures are more or less fragmentary. The first, which is complete, traces the rise and

spread of the University system in Europe, and comments on the different developments of it in various lands, and on the causes that have made Germany "the classic land of universities." Döllinger often used to follow up subjects on which he had lectured, and expand his lectures into essays replete with thought and learning. One of these essays on "The Empire of Charles the Great and his Successors" takes up more than a third of this volume; its value has long been acknowledged by historians, and we are glad to see it in English. As a sample of the many points in it that are worthy of attention, we may note here an extremely suggestive passage on the continuance of the idea of the "Respublica Romana." Of this Commonwealth the Popes of the eighth century, while nominally dependent on the Byzantine Emperors, were the protectors and representatives, and defended the rights and property of the Roman State by treating them as belonging to the Roman Church, for which the Lombards had some degree of reverence. This conception of a Roman commonwealth has an important bearing on the gift of the patriciate to the Frankish kings, and on the donation of Pipin. Again, the coronation of Charlemagne was, it is maintained, probably arranged beforehand by the Pope and certain Frankish nobles who had for a year been resident in Rome, and was a surprise to no one save to Charlemagne himself. He may, no doubt, have looked forward to the attainment of the Imperial dignity, but Eginhard tells us that he used to say that he would not have gone to church on that Christmas Day if he had known of the Pope's intention, and we are shown here why it was that he must have felt the coronation a precipitate act.

In the second part of this essay Döllinger notices the various lights in which the coronation is represented by the chroniclers and publicists of the Middle Ages. Under the title "Anagni" we have an interesting account of the violence done to Pope Boniface VIII. in that city, compiled from the records of three eyewitnesses, and to this Döllinger has appended criticisms on the other contemporary and later versions of the event. The lecture on the Suppression of the Knights Templars, the last that he delivered, is unhappily fragmentary; it is followed by a series of short passages written with the intention of expanding the lecture into an essay of some length. Fragmentary, too, and to our thinking of less interest, is his review of the various estimates of the French Revolution. The German editor of the *Addresses* is, we hold, to blame for having published the lecture on Founders of Religion; for we learn from his preface that Döllinger himself, though he at first intended that it should be included in a volume of his *Academical Studies*, deliberately withdrew it. We are, therefore, sorry that it should appear here. Neither in design nor execution is it equal to the author's best work. Whatever Henry VIII. may have founded, he certainly neither founded nor "sought to found" a religion, nor did he "create a Church." And Oliver Cromwell's insistence on liberty of conscience, so far as Protestants were concerned, does not seem to us to have anything to do with the foundation of a religion. Miss Warre's translation is lucid and pleasant to read.

MR. MARKS AND HIS FRIENDS.

Pen and Pencil Sketches. By HENRY STACY MARKS, R.A. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

SCATTERED over the surface of these great volumes, like boulders over the sides of a moor, are to be found reminiscences and statements which are valuable in themselves and well worthy of preservation. The illustrations, moreover, are numerous and happy, being familiar records of an artist's life, made by such men as Charles Keene and Frederick Walker, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Marks himself. *Pen and Pencil Sketches* is a book easy to quote from effectively, and not difficult to read in an idle hour. But it is just because it contains some very good things, and is written in a spirit both graceful and magnanimous, that we find it so deplorably disappointing. It is not one of those books which are radically and hopelessly bad, and yet no honest critic in the world could call it good. It is absolutely devoid of structural power, of arrangement, of design. It bears to a skilful exercise in biography the relation that the contents of a rag-bag tied to a stick bear to a careful piece of drapery.

Mr. Marks's serious memories open more than forty years ago, when he began to study art under J. M. Leigh, in company with several men who have since won fame and the honours of the Royal Academy. In 1852 he went to Paris, in company with Mr. Calderon, to study in the *atelier* of Picot, for five months; and this was the limit, it appears, of Mr. Marks's foreign

training. Up to this point the reminiscences are tolerably consecutive, but here Mr. Marks gives up the mental strain of being his own Boswell, and relates things as they come uppermost in his mind. It is almost impossible to follow him, and the reader ceases to try and realize the sequence of events, gliding on upon the flood of irrelevant reminiscence, now rejoicing in a good story or a trait of some eminent character, now nodding over a series of reflections or an anecdote whose salt has lost its savour.

Among the young men with whom Mr. Marks was thrown in early life there were many who possessed talent and one who showed indisputable genius. This latter was, of course, Frederick Walker, numerous facsimiles of whose sketches and caricatures form one of the main recommendations of the first of these volumes. Mr. Marks tells us that Walker became a student at the Academy in 1858, but that he, Mr. Marks, did not see Walker "till the days of the Langham Society." Of the Langham Society, a club of artists, he has in a previous chapter given a description, and he has dated its meetings by telling us that they occurred when he was painting a picture called "Bottom enacting Pyramus," which was exhibited "in the West Room" of the R.A. It seems very odd that a man who could refer on such a point as this to the catalogues of his own Academy should not do so. In that case he would have seen that his picture of "Bottom" was actually exhibited as early as 1857, and in the North Room. We give this merely as one instance out of many which show that Mr. Marks has trusted to what is doubtless a very retentive memory, instead of referring to the exact sources of information. His pleasant chat must, therefore, always be taken with a grain of hesitation, and historians must be cautious of using these volumes. Fortunately, or unfortunately, they will have little opportunity of referring to them, since, incredible as it may seem, the publishers have put forth this compendium of gossip and biography without an index!

The recollections of Frederick Walker increase the curiosity which we have always felt in the character and career of this extraordinary artist. But Mr. Marks's stories are mostly of innocent and rather childish buffooneries to which Walker, in common with the rest of his associates, gave his lighter moments. They must have been very funny at the time, but we hardly smile now. Walker was a painter of exquisite originality, in whom the spirit of plastic beauty seemed to revive at a dark moment in the history of our domesticated academical art. He painted a few superb pictures, full of colour and sentiment, and then he died early, leaving a great tradition behind him, a tradition of pure devotion to ideal loveliness. We like to think of him with Mozart and Paul Potter and Keats, among the divine youths who have but just touched the world of art, and yet have set it on fire. Mr. Marks tells us how this "little great man" bathed in his top-hat to mystify a Brighton crowd, and otherwise played the fool in an amiable sort of way. The stories are very good-natured, and if we too are good-natured we smile. But they seem a little inadequate when all is said and done.

By far the most valuable pages in the book are those in which Mr. Ruskin speaks to us. Mr. Marks is fortunate enough to have received permission to print not a few of the great critic's letters, and, without disrespect to Mr. Marks, whose business it is to paint, it is an extraordinary relief to come upon pages of really pure and trenchant English. We presume that the letter of the 19th of January, 1876, has never been printed before. It is a very notable document. It will be remembered that when the posthumous exhibition of Frederick Walker's works was opened, Mr. Ruskin was asked to aid it by writing a letter to the *Times*. He consented to do so, and the result was the brilliant and paradoxical effusion which is so well known, in which he scandalized the admirers of Walker's "Bathers" by describing that picture as "the waste of a year or two of his life in trying to paint schoolboys' backs and legs without their shirts and breeches." So much the world knows, but it does not know that the friends of Walker were deeply grieved at this and other instances of fierce frivolity in Mr. Ruskin's public letter, and that Mr. Marks, as their spokesman, wrote a dignified and yet tactful letter of private remonstrance. To this the letter we speak of is a reply, and it forms a touching example of that charm which has endeared Mr. Ruskin, in spite of so many eccentricities, to his friends and to the public. It is not less grave and incisive in its pointing out what were real limitations in Walker's training, while it withdraws, and with a certain melancholy grace excuses, the purely flippant and whimsical accusations which the letter to the *Times* had advanced. As a critical *apologia* it is quite admirable, and shows how sane this particular critic could always be, if he chose.

From another letter of Mr. Ruskin's we cannot refrain from quoting this charming passage. It may be conjectured to have

been written about 1880, and it reads like one of the best pages out of *Fors Clavigera* :—

'Colour is to be learned, just as Greek is learned, by reading the best Greek masters; and, if we go on colouring and talking Greek out of our heads—however good the heads may be—they never make headway. When you painted your "Convocation" you enjoyed the humour of the birds, but not their likeness to the cloud and snow in relation to earth and sea; and I am certain there is more strength in you, by a full third, than you have yet discovered. But it will only come out if you put yourself under Tintoret's eagles and Carpaccio's parrots, as well as under the wild creatures themselves; just as Tintoret and Carpaccio learned of Jove's eagle his thunder, and of Juno's peacock his eyes, and of Cytherea's doves her breath. Nature never tells her secrets but through the lips of a Father or a Master; and the Father and the Master can say nothing wise but as Her interpreter.'

The love of Mr. Marks for animals, and for birds in particular, is well known. He was about thirty years of age, however, before it occurred to him to think of them from a pictorial point of view. The most indubitable talent of his life was revealed to him at Amiens in 1863 by seeing two white storks walking in the garden of the hotel. "I really believe," he says, "that these storks impressed me more than all the churches, town halls, and even (I blush to confess it) the picture galleries, that we entered" during a perambulation of France. He recommends birds as excellent models, not least because they never think of requiring seven shillings a day and a hot lunch for their services. The chapter in which Mr. Marks describes his experiences at the Zoo, and the little annoyances which attend an artist there, is the most amusing in the volumes.

Of the book generally we can only say that it is so sadly diluted with commonplace matters that it is difficult to do justice to its genuine merits. The reader is introduced too sentimentally to Mr. Marks's cough. Pages and pages are filled with reprinted critiques of the exhibitions of the day contributed to a weekly newspaper more than thirty years ago, and now no longer of the slightest interest to anybody. Some fatuity is required before a man can be induced to mention that he is commonly known as "the genial Academician," and then to expatiate on the epithet. Vague talk about omnibus-riding, and book-plates, and impudent letter-writers, and the conversion of the Jews, and pugilists, is mere waste of the author's time and ours. With these trivialities liberally swept away, and with more attention given to grammar, and with considerable rearrangement of parts, this book might form one small volume which it would be pleasant to read. But we should personally much prefer a little portfolio containing nothing but the illustrations.

EARLY LONDON THEATRES.

Early London Theatres (in the Fields). By J. FAIRMAN ORDISH, F.S.A. London: Elliot Stock.

SINCE the time when, towards the close of last century, Malone issued his *Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage*, which constituted virtually the first serious attempt to depict the economy and usages of the pre-Restoration theatres in England, a good deal of miscellaneous information bearing upon the subject has been brought to light. The proceedings of our Law Courts have been a chief source of information and constitute a mine that is yet far from exhausted. Not much in themselves are the scraps of reference which Halliwell-Phillipps industriously accumulated and arranged, or which Payne Collier, with ingenious and indefatigable skill, falsified, perverted, and misread. As a whole, they constitute a fairly considerable amount of matter, and throw a welcome and useful light upon the early stage. Much remains obscure, and will probably, in spite of discoveries yet to be made, always remain so. However warmly they were patronized by the Court and the nobility, stage plays were never in Tudor and early Stuart days wholly acceptable to respectability in general and the civic authorities in particular. Our stage, so far as it prospered at all, prospered in face of constant and powerful opposition. Something more than mere Puritan antagonism resisted its establishment. Our early theatres were the seats of continued disorder, and, though the argument that the congregation of people which they brought about favoured the dissemination of the Plague was carried much further than was justifiable, it was not wholly or only dishonest, and had a certain measure of value. The Puritan conscience, then as always militant in England, was in constant antagonism against theatrical exhibitions of all sorts, and the fight between Cavalier and Roundhead may almost be held to have been antedated by half a century or more. With the

establishment of conventicle rule came, as is well known, the complete suppression of stage plays; for the signs of mutiny occasionally exhibited in suburban London, involving the marching off to prison of those who thought surreptitiously to pander to one of the most firmly rooted of human instincts, count for little. We are here very far from the point with which Mr. Ordish's interesting and valuable book is concerned. To the influence of Puritan rule may, however, partly be attributed the absence of information concerning the stage from which Mr. Ordish suffers. An institution which stank in the nostrils of authority was not likely to attract serious historians, and such books even as *Le Roman Comique*, published in 1651, and presenting an animated picture of the strolling companies of France, could neither be translated for a quarter of a century nor imitated until a century later.

In two volumes Mr. Ordish promises a history of the establishment of the early London theatres. In the earlier of these—which has alone appeared—he deals with the theatres in the fields, which are the earliest in date. These were established in two spots, those on the north side of London, in that division of the parish of Shoreditch then known as the Liberty of Halliwell (Holy Well), and those on the south side, with one exception, on the Bankside and in the Liberty of the Clink. What is known as "the Theater" is presumably the first building purposely erected as a home for stage plays. It was built in 1576, on land in the possession of Giles Allen, and it brings us forthwith into connexion with all that is most interesting in the early history of the stage. Performances had previously been given at inns, which had been turned into theatres, the disposition of the inn-yards—as those familiar with buildings but recently removed, such as the "Tabard" in Southwark, are aware—lending itself easily to theatrical exhibitions. These places, which, one after another, were closed by civic authority, will come into question in dealing with Mr. Ordish's second volume. Close on the heels of the Theater came the Curtain, a building destined long to outlive its rival. The two were near neighbours. The Theater was on "the eastern border of the northern playground of London, Finsbury Fields," the Curtain all but immediately adjacent, within the precinct of the dissolved Priory of Holywell; and on the spot, holds Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, which is now known as Gloucester Street stood the Curtain. That the Theater was the earlier is known from the statement of James Burbage, by whom it was built. From Giles Allen James Burbage, of London, joiner, and a leading member of the Earl of Leicester's company of players, obtained a lease, dated 13 April, 1576, for twenty-one years, of "houses and land situated between Finsbury Field and the public road from Bishopgate to Shoreditch Church." It was obtained with the avowed intention of building a theatre, which accordingly was erected at a cost of near 700*l*. The new edifice was almost certainly round in shape, was of wood, and constituted, in the language of the day, a "gorgeous playing place." It was used for displays of fencing, and for "activities" such as tumbling, rope-dancing, vaulting, and the like, as well as for "comedies, tragedies, and histories for recreation." From the first Burbage had to face grave difficulties. He had an exacting creditor in John Braynes, of Shoreditch, yeoman, his father-in-law, and a restless and hostile ground landlord in the afore-mentioned Giles Allen. Worst of all to face was the opposition of the Lord Mayor and the civic authorities generally, who, having, so far as they were able, driven the players out of the City, objected to their presence in houses immediately outside its liberties and jurisdiction. In their crusade against the Burbages they enlisted, not only Giles Allen, but the Middlesex magistrates. Court favour was not, indeed, powerful enough to support Burbage against enemies so numerous and so formidable as he had to encounter. He died in 1597, bequeathing to his two sons Cuthbert and Richard a troublesome heritage. For the remaining two years these worthies fought against incessant and overpowering difficulties. At the period of the death of James the Privy Council had at length been driven to action, and "His Majestie," having been informed of the very great disorders committed in the Curtayne and the Theater near to Shoreditch," ordered "to pluck downe quite the stages, galleries, and roomes that are made for people to stand in, and so to deface the same as they maie not be employed agayne to such use." To this mandate Richard and Cuthbert had to bow. Stormy to the end was their tenure. The materials condemned and whatever could be removed they carried "unto the Bancksyde in the parish of St. Marye Overyes, and there erected a newe playhowse with the sayd timber and wood," involving themselves in so doing in further litigation with the implacable Giles Allen. The new theatre they erected was, however, the famous Globe. We are thus brought right up to Shakspeare, whose plays were given in a house erected

from the material of the first playhouse ever built in London. This in itself is a matter of extreme interest and significance. Among the few plays known to have been given there, mentioned by Mr. Fleay in his *Chronicle History of the English Stage*, were Gosson's *Catiline's Conspiracy*, *The Blacksmith's Daughter*, *Cæsar and Pompey*, *The Play of Plays*, and Tarlton's "extemporal" play, *The Seven Deadly Sins*.

The experiences of the Curtain were, as might be expected, similar to those of the Theater. The Curtain, however, outlived all attacks, including the order of the Privy Council, and is heard of so late as 1627. Mr. Ordish finds no reason to doubt that it lasted to the time of the general suppression of the theatres in 1642-1647. Its connexion with Shakespeare is far closer than that of the Theater, if, as Halliwell-Phillips opines, *Romeo and Juliet* was brought out there and Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* was given through the intercession of Shakspeare.

With the Bankside theatres space fails us to deal, and it is not possible to enter upon the many vexed questions that arise in connexion with the theatre at Newington Butts and the Rose. In dealing with the question of an early amphitheatre in Paris's Garden Mr. Ordish follows the lead of Mr. Rendle, to the memory of whom and to that of Halliwell-Phillips his book is dedicated. Relying principally on ancient maps, Mr. Ordish doubts whether at the period of their publication any amphitheatre existed there. A section from Ralph Aggas's Plan of London and Westminster, 1360, shows very clearly the circular edifices used for "the Beare bayting" and the "Bolle bayting," but presents no other. The use of authorities and their appraisal are judicious, but most of the matter with which, in common with all his predecessors, Mr. Ordish deals, remains in the realms of speculation.

Mr. Ordish has written a serviceable book which condenses very happily all accessible information, and will be kept close at hand by those interested in the history of London or that of the stage. His conjectures lead him at times far afield, but the sanity of his book is not the least of its merits.

ENGLISH NOVELS, OLD AND NEW.

The English Novel from the Earliest Times to the appearance of Waverley. By WALTER RALEIGH, Professor of Modern Literature at University College, Liverpool. London: Murray.

The Art of Thomas Hardy. By LIONEL JOHNSON. London: Elkin Matthews & John Lane; New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co.

THE simultaneous appearance of these two books is rather a boon for those persons who like to study literature comparatively. It is true that they do not cover, even by sample, the whole ground of the English novel. There is a wide gap between the appearance of *Waverley* and the appearance of *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and this gap was occupied by the most fruitful production of novels—merit and number combined—that England has yet seen. We doubt whether Mr. Raleigh on his method could get it into another volume of the size of that which he has devoted to the earlier production of half a dozen centuries; and we are sure that Mr. Johnson on his method could not get it into less than about a hundred. Nevertheless, the two have a true and real complementary relation. For Mr. Raleigh's book shows us how the novel was built up into the form in which our fathers knew it. Mr. Johnson's, on the other hand, discusses minutely one of the chief lights—perhaps the chief light of the wandering and enigmatic star of Mr. Meredith be excluded—of what we are bidden by some (including Mr. Johnson himself) to consider as an entirely new English novel. Nay, the old (of which, according to Mr. Johnson, Thackeray was the last exponent) was separated from this much more widely than any of the divisions of the novel between Defoe and Thackeray himself were separated from one another. Also it happens that Mr. Johnson has thought it well to open with a sort of retrospective sketch of this old novel, so that some comparison is almost forced upon the reader least prone to that "rascally" practice, as Falstaff was pleased to think it.

We may as well say at once that Professor Raleigh seems to us to have done a very interesting but by no means easy task very well. His style is clear without being in the least tame, and sufficiently individual without any of the tricks and manners which our younger literary critics seem to think almost indispensable. Although his book is written for a University Extension series, he has arranged and executed it so that it is perfectly readable for pleasure by the happy man who has neither to examine nor to be examined. The only trace of the professional taint that we see is a slight, a very slight, tendency now and then to catchwords and unduly sharp distinctions, such as the pupil

loves, and learns, and with a dreadful inevitableness reproduces in his papers. Even these are far less frequent than we should have expected. Still, was it worth while to talk of Chaucer's substituting "a dynamical scheme of his own for the statical scheme of the *Decameron*"? Is it not necessary, in the first place, to make a rather special definition of "statics" and "dynamics" in order to be sure what this means? and is it not, then, rather matter of controversy than matter of brevity whether the distinction applies? However, there are many who like this arresting and emphatic manner of putting things, and, as we have said, Professor Raleigh does not indulge in it overmuch. Sometimes we note a small oversight. It is rash to class Smollett among those who "put the whole story in the mouth of the principal character." He certainly did so in *Roderick Random*, but in no one of his four other novels. Mr. Raleigh is also, perhaps, too generous to Fielding when he finds it a sufficient explanation of the mighty novelist's failure in drama that "the dramatic conventions and fashions of the time gave him too little scope." The man of genius is the master, not the servant, of convention. Fielding made his novels great independently of convention and fashion because he was a great novelist; if he failed to get the better of them in drama, we fear it will follow that it was because he was not a great dramatist. On the other hand, we can congratulate Mr. Raleigh on being (we think) the third critic only who has dared to see that Defoe's *Shortest Way with the Dissenters* is not an example of irony.

These little points of agreement or disagreement, however, are of very small importance. What is really important is that Mr. Raleigh has devoted an unusual amount of reading to a very extensive and complicated subject, and has succeeded in giving the results of it with perfect clearness and a very satisfactory grasp. Occasionally we may note a little disproportion, as in the dealings with the early romance, and still more with some practitioners of the Elizabethan novel, especially Nash. These are not at all unimportant in themselves; but their importance in relation to the history of the English novel may easily be exaggerated. It is fair to say, however, that hitherto it has not been so much exaggerated as overlooked; and that Professor Raleigh was, therefore, within his rights in dwelling on this as he has done. In reference to the novels of the end of the eighteenth century, on the other hand, similar overlooking is very common; but the importance of the matter to the whole subject is far greater. And we are inclined to think that Mr. Raleigh is the first handler of that whole subject who has given these novelists their due place relatively, though he may here have a little exalted their value absolutely. In short, he has given us a very good book, exhibiting two things not common at any time, but particularly rare at the present time, in combination, to wit, pains and grasp, the determination not to let the particulars escape him, and the power to reduce them to a general view.

It is not possible to speak in quite so favourable a fashion of the work of Mr. Lionel Johnson. He has, indeed, in his preface noted the "difficulty and delicacy" of his task, and to the extent to which he has noted them he may fairly be said to have surmounted them. There is no impertinent or tactless personal gossip in his volume; and though we do not agree with his attempt to dispute the objection that the work of a living writer, necessarily unfinished, as necessarily lends itself ill to elaborate criticism as a whole, that point is, perhaps, arguable. But Mr. Johnson fails to meet another, and, as it seems to us, far more formidable, objection—that an entire volume of criticism devoted to the work of a living writer, and even to that of any dead writer, except the very greatest, is a critical blunder, an error in proportion. We should go so far as to maintain that, if any critic cannot say all that need be said critically of any writer in about a hundred of Mr. Johnson's pages, he proves himself incompetent. He does not know "what not to say." Or else, if he escapes this doom, he can only pad out his criticism by details of quotation and analysis which are superfluous to any one who has read the original, and which will never supply the place of that original to those who have not. But the contrary opinion is no doubt very rife at the present day. We have not only volumes on Shakespeare and Dante, where the immense mass of precedent writing on the subject may, perhaps, be thought to require examination and discussion, but volumes on Tennyson, volumes on Browning, volumes even on the living Mr. Meredith. The great heart of the people, it may be said, is with Mr. Johnson in his determination to devote a volume to Mr. Hardy.

This is not the only point in which Mr. Johnson is of his time. He writes well, sometimes very well; but he cannot bring himself to write simply. His want of simplicity, indeed, may be excused to some by the freedom from vulgarity of the models he seems to have selected. They are Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Walter Pater—especially Mr. Arnold. Unluckily the Arnoldian

style is, like others, most easily *vitiis imitabile*, and Mr. Johnson has fixed upon the most irritating faults of all—the habit of repetition of phrase, and the trick of enunciating a quotation from some foreign writer, perhaps of no great authority, as if it settled the matter, and might be reiterated like a text of Scripture. The first sentence of his preface reappears as the last, with a mere turn of words; we have hardly read half a dozen pages before we find “the old, great masters” recurring again and again, till the most urbane of readers must murmur the words of Mr. Lewis Carroll’s bellman, “What I tell you three times is true.” Now, this sententiousness, as of a lay Isaiah, or rather Ezekiel, which till he did it too often, did not sit so very ill on a man like Mr. Arnold, who scarcely took to criticism at all till middle life, and who had a mannerism of undeniable originality, does not sit so well on one who is a young beginner, so far as we know, and who has borrowed his mannerism in the lump.

We have yet a third thing against Mr. Johnson, and this is the defect of that grasp which we have noted in Mr. Raleigh, who yet had far more excuses for failing in it. When we had read Mr. Johnson’s book, not by any means without interest, not by any means, at intervals, without esteem, we put it down, and said to ourselves, “Will the man in Samoa (not Mr. Stevenson) or South Georgia who, whether he has or has not read anything of Mr. Hardy, wants to obtain a complete idea of him, obtain one from this elaborate attempt to give it him?” And we were constrained to come to the conclusion that he was not very likely to do so. Mr. Johnson has given himself ample room and verge; he has in his critical preliminaries very properly and obligingly executed a survey of English fiction, and of no small part of English literature outside of fiction, doubtless with the purpose of acquainting the reader exactly with his own standpoint. We have to complain of no lack of appliances and means; but do we get a result? Speaking for ourselves, we are not quite certain that we do. We learn many things about Mr. Johnson, some about Mr. Hardy. If we know Mr. Hardy before, as we are proud to do, we may even attain some not valueless side-lights and glosses upon him. But do we get, as we should get, something analogous to the portrait of a man of distinction by an artist of distinction, the entity taken in, subjected to the idiosyncrasy of another entity, and reproduced under that variation and species? We are afraid, once more, that we do not. It may be our fault; it very likely is; but such is our result. And though we think that part of the cause is the undue scale—the scene-painter’s, rather than portrait-painter’s, scale—on which Mr. Johnson has chosen to work, we do not think that this is the whole cause.

Nevertheless the book is by no means unwelcome. It contains an excellent etched portrait of Mr. Hardy by Mr. Strang, and a careful bibliography of his work by Mr. Lane, with the one extant example of his early verse. It is, as we have said, very well, if sometimes too artificially, written; it shows (it would be unkind to say parades) a good, and we think a real, knowledge of literature; its ideals are the reverse of vulgar, and all things are possible to him whom the Muses have saved from vulgar ideals; it is strenuous, decent, always aiming at what is of good report. And, besides all this, it is a real “document,” because it shows us what a young man of much more than average literary taste and knowledge thinks of a writer who is certainly one of the three or four foremost writers in the most popular branch of English literature at this moment—one, too, we may add, who perhaps in some ways embodies the general thought of the moment in the favourite style of the moment better than any one else. In these words we are, we are aware, paying a very high compliment to Mr. Hardy; but we are paying no ill compliment to Mr. Johnson. Such a document as we have described is really valuable, and it is not often given so clearly as here.

MR. HAGGARD’S ROMANCE.

The People of the Mist. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

OUT of Africa, as all men know, the thing that is new is ever forthcoming. The old saying is true with regard to Mr. Haggard’s romances, and everybody concerned is to be congratulated upon the romancer’s return to the magical country where lies the land of Kôr. Africa is Mr. Haggard’s heaven of invention. Let him be as prodigal as he may, thence flows an exhaustless stream of romance, rich in wonders new and astonishing. *The People of the Mist* belongs to the sphere of *She* in its imaginative scope, and, as an example of the story-teller’s art, must be reckoned of the excellent company of *King Solomon’s Mines* and its brethren. We read it at one spell, as it were,

hardly resisting that effect of fascination which invites you, at the critical moments of the story, to plunge ahead at a venture to know what is coming, and be resolved as to some harrowing doubt or dilemma. There is no better test of the power of a story than this. With respect to the “thing that is new” in it, there is a “Preface,” of which something needs to be said. If good wine needs no bush, a fine romance needs no justification. We are not interested by the assurance that its “machinery,” as old writers say, is derived from this world, “the world of all of us.” The truth of a romance lies in the persuasive art of the romancer. Should he give vouchers, or tickets of “fact,” he is likely to be led into a barren correspondence in the newspapers with good, scrupulous people, whose mental habit is distressingly literal. There is no joy or profit in reasoning with such on Archimago or Talus. Mr. Haggard tells us that the awful beast whom the People of the Mist deified and offered human lives unto was originally a snake, the old and immemorial snake, the oldest and biggest in the world. But “an African explorer of great experience” advised him that the snake would not do. It was altogether “too unprecedented and impossible.” So Mr. Haggard, unlike Wordsworth, bowed to his critic, and transformed his snake into a crocodile. What does it matter? Nothing at all, so long as we feel the scaly horror of its tail, and its fiery breath, and the green lightning of its eyes. But no sooner had Mr. Haggard made his crocodile—and a noble beast he is—than he received information of a terrific and monstrous snake alive in the Dichwi district of Mashonaland. And then comes the *Zoutpansberg Review* with consolation to Mr. Haggard, announcing the pleasing fact that a chief, somewhere north of the Transvaal, was possessed of a crocodile “fashioned in wood,” a fetish or god, to which offerings were made. Hence, we may learn, he points out, “how impotent are the efforts of imagination to vie with hidden truths—even with the hidden truths of this small and trodden world.” That is scarcely the moral we should draw. The romancer should turn a deaf ear to the counsel of the matter-of-fact man, and just follow his own imagination—such, it seems to us, is the true moral of this curious Preface.

In *The People of the Mist* Mr. Haggard observes the rule of the ancient poet, and carries us at the start into the midst of things. After two brief preliminary chapters, he changes the scene, and with admirable promptitude transports us to Africa. The hero, Leonard Outram, being shorn of his property by ill fortune, leaves England for the African goldfields with his brother, both men having sworn never to enter their old home until they can call it theirs once more. Leonard suffers the additional bitterness of parting from his beloved, with no prospect of their union. For a time bad luck pursues them in Africa. Leonard’s brother dies of fever, but when lying ill has a prophetic dream, that by the aid of a woman Leonard would regain his ancestral estates. The course of strange and moving adventures begins when Leonard, with his faithful follower, Otter, a knob-nosed Kafir dwarf, come suddenly upon a mysterious woman, not beautiful in a wilderness like Christabel, but withered like the waste around her, and waiting for some wrong. She tells them that her young and beautiful mistress has been kidnapped by some marauding Arab slavers, headed by a redoubtable ruffian known as “the Yellow Devil.” She lures Leonard to the desperate enterprise of rescuing her by offering an enormous ruby and the promise to reveal the secret treasures of her people, the “Children of the Mist,” from whom she fled many years since, when condemned to be sacrificed to their hideous god. The journey with Soa, the woman of mystery, and the Englishman and dwarf leads to a succession of stirring incidents connected with the circumvention and destruction of the Arabs and their “nest.” The attack on the stronghold, and the rescue of Juanna, are described with the energy and vividness which Mr. Haggard can always command. The fight between the “Yellow Devil” and Leonard is one of the most spirited single combats he has imagined. The courage and craft of Otter, who is altogether a delightful creature, are not less worthy of admiration. We are not disposed to think that all readers will admire the powerful scene of the slave auction, when Leonard purchases the lady, and he and Juanna are forcibly married by Francisco, the Portuguese priest, who is compelled to the ceremony by the Arab leader. It is all very proper, of course, but no reason is adduced. We ought to know why the chief slaver is so determined upon the marriage. As it is, it is a little incredible. In spite of the protestations of the priest, Juanna and Leonard are alike agreed to regard the ceremony as a farce. The entrance of the party, accompanied by some of the rescued prisoners, into the Land of the Mist, is most imposingly set forth. The mysterious Soa plots that Juanna and Otter should act in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy of her people, which foretold the appearance in

the flesh of their two chief deities—"Aca, the rother" and "Jäl, the Son"—like Night and Morning. The plan is brought to naught by the folly of Otter and the treachery of Soa. Mr. Haggard has conceived nothing more grandiose and impressive than the scenes of horror and suspense that occur in the gigantic and gloomy temple of Jäl, with its monstrous colossal statue, its vast amphitheatre, its black pool where lurks the hideous crocodile in its underground cavern awaiting the human sacrifice. Through many chapters we are kept at the intensest pitch of excitement by the horrible plight of the adventurers, and a succession of novel and thrilling sensations. The heroic self-offering of the priest in substitution of Juanna; the mighty dive that Otter makes into the forlorn pool from the head of the gigantic statue; and the subsequent fight between Otter and the Dweller in the Water—the hideous crocodile—are things that accord with the prodigious scale of Mr. Haggard's design. "Wow! that was a fight!" exclaims Otter, having slain the mighty beast. "When shall a man see such another?" We are heartily of Otter's opinion. Yet in the final escape from the city we have a sensation that overtops the rest, and is the fit crown to the romantic structure. It would be utterly futile to paraphrase or condense the description of the tremendous descent of the great glacier and the flight over the broken narrow ice-bridge that hangs over the fathomless abyss. It must be read every word of it to be felt, and is, indeed, "a fearful joy" worth the snatching.

SCIENCE.

PROFESSOR HENRY SMITH'S MATHEMATICAL PAPERS.

The Collected Mathematical Papers of Henry John Stephen Smith, M.A., F.R.S., late Savilian Professor in the University of Oxford. Edited by J. W. L. GLAISHER, Sc.D., F.R.S., with a Mathematical Introduction by the Editor, Biographical Sketches, and a Portrait. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1894.

WHEN Henry Smith died in 1883 it was known that a great figure had disappeared from the stage of English University life. Oxford had lost one of the most brilliant and genial of her sons and most zealous of her servants, a man who, in the words of the late Master of Balliol, managed in great part not only the affairs of the University, but those of Winchester and Rugby Schools, of the University Commission, the Oxford Museum, the Ashmolean Society, and the Meteorological Office. But probably there were few outside the small inner circle of pure mathematicians who were aware that his death meant, to Science, much more than the loss of a busy and highly capable man of affairs. "It was the smaller part of him," said Mr. Jowett, "that we knew or could appreciate." Of the greater part these two fine volumes form a fitting monument. To mathematicians it will always seem that the tempting of Smith into Committees and Commissions was wasteful as would be the forging of a ploughshare out of gold. The kindly hope which the Master of Balliol once expressed, in proposing Smith's health, "that he will not suffer himself to be numbered among those men of varied powers and charming manners who have given up to society and business what was meant for science and posterity," was in great measure unfulfilled. But Smith at least saved fragments enough of his life to do some great pieces of mathematical work, and especially to write, on the Theory of Numbers, a series of papers which, in rigour of demonstration and perfection of style, have perhaps never been surpassed. As now reprinted by the Clarendon Press, the papers fill thirteen hundred large quarto pages. Their form secures that, in one sense—and probably in the only one possible—the magnitude of Smith's work is made obvious to the general reader. But at the risk of seeming ungrateful for what is in any form a boon—as great as it has been long looked for—one ventures to ask why the uncomfortable fashion of size which was set in the Cambridge reprint of Maxwell's papers, and again in that of Cayley's, has been followed here, with aggravations which make these volumes unwieldy beyond measure? There is not even the presence of plates to warrant the use of so large a page, and, in any case, the thickness and weight are excessive even in these days of University athletics. Beyond this no criticism of the printing is possible; it has all the excellence which we have learnt to expect in mathematical books done at the Clarendon Press.

The introductory matter in the first volume is largely biographical. An interesting sketch of Henry Smith's life by the late Dr. Charles Pearson is supplemented by "Recollections" on the part of four other friends, chief of whom are Professor Jowett and Lord Bowen. An appreciative essay by Dr. Glaisher, who

has discharged the responsible task of editor, gives a scientific analysis of the papers. The whole of the preliminary material fills barely a hundred pages, and then follow the papers, which, with the exception of perhaps four, are, it must be admitted, impossible reading save to experts. The four exceptions are an address from the Chair of Section A in the British Association meeting of 1873, two papers on Arithmetical Instruments and Geometrical Models which were written for a Handbook to the Loan Collection of Scientific Apparatus at South Kensington and an introduction which Smith in his turn prepared for the posthumous reprint of the papers of Clifford. These four have enough of general intelligibility, and even of human interest, to secure their being relegated to an appendix. Of the others it would be foolish to attempt any account here.

The picture of Henry Smith which the sketches of his friends serve to make up is lifelike and eminently attractive. His extraordinary promise as a boy was followed by a particularly brilliant career at the University. At the age of eleven he read in nine months "all Thucydides, Sophocles, and Sallust, twelve books of Tacitus, the greater part of Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and several plays of Æschylus and Euripides," with six books of Euclid and "a considerable quantity of Hebrew." Winner of the Ireland scholarship as well as of the Senior Mathematical, he was for some time at a loss to decide whether to devote himself to classics or to mathematics. "A man of extraordinary attainments, even if you could abstract from him the whole of his mathematics," is the phrase of one friend, and apparently the opinion of all. The testimony to his personal charm is equally strong. "He never offended you, never disappointed you, he was never tired or out of humour." "Vanity and self-seeking, every form of mental intemperance and extravagance, seemed to have no place in anything that he ever said or did." It may be said, indeed, that lack of ambition was carried to a fault. In his conversation "not a sentence was commonplace." Of his wit a few samples are quoted; and some, though scarcely all, bear it sufficiently well. He would conduct a friendly examination of his pupils on a Sunday afternoon, justifying it on the ground that it was lawful on the Sabbath day to pull an ass out of the ditch. It was he who congratulated his students on having assisted at the solution of a problem, "the peculiar beauty of which was that under no circumstances could it be of the smallest utility." Of the enigmatical motto of Marischal College—"They say: what say they: let them say"—"it expresses," said Smith, "the three stages of an undergraduate's career. In his first year he is reverent and accepts everything as inspired; in the second he is sceptical, and asks 'what say they'; and 'let them say' expresses the contemptuous attitude of his third year." Of the eminent conductor of a well-known scientific journal Smith qualified his good opinion by adding, "Yet he sometimes forgets that he is only the Editor and not the Author of Nature." The last is the best. It is a *mot* of which the late Master of Trinity might have been proud; but Smith's was usually a kindlier wit.

A TEXT-BOOK OF PATHOLOGY.*

A Text-book of Pathology, Systematic and Practical. By D. J. HAMILTON, M.B., F.R.C.S.E., F.R.S.E., Professor of Pathology, University of Aberdeen. Vol. II. Parts 1 and 2. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

IT is five years since the first volume of Professor Hamilton's work made its appearance, and this considerable interval of time speaks in two directions. It shows, by a comparison of the knowledge of to-day with the knowledge of 1889, what all engaged in medicine have felt almost oppressively, that the progress now being made in our acquaintance with pathological conditions and processes is immense; and it shows also that Professor Hamilton has intended, while engaged in writing a treatise upon these subjects, to produce, as far as possible, a work which by all-round completeness should register authoritatively the position of his science at the date on the title-page. And we may say at once that he has succeeded. Although it would not be beyond possibility to point out here and there some little omission, or, speaking more precisely, to mention a sub-heading or a collateral point to which, in our opinion, not sufficient importance has been attached, on the whole he work is wonderfully complete, and the treatment of the various topics uniformly adequate. In the matter of cholera, time has to a certain extent got ahead of Professor Hamilton; for he treats with more than respect, almost with the reverence due only to proven certainties, theories concerning its transmission, upon which the first authorities in Europe are now at variance, and from which much of the assembled wisdom of the recent In-

* The first volume of this book was reviewed in our issue of October 5, 1889.

ternational Congress of Hygiene and Demography at Budapest gave marked dissent. "We eat cholera, and we drink cholera, and we catch the disease in this way, but apparently there is little if any basis for the belief that we catch it by infection, as in the case of measles or typhus fever," says Professor Hamilton. We are not aware that the method of spread of cholera has been insisted upon by any class of observers as particularly similar to that of measles or typhus fever; but be that as it may, if the sentence quoted implies that it is right to relegate to the background all epidemiological study of the disease, save in so far as such study may be of service in search for a microbe, the view is too narrow for the time. M. Metschnikoff of the Pasteur Institute does not believe that the comma bacillus stands in any causal relation to cholera; Herr Max Gruber of Vienna declines to allow that the bacteriological question is settled; and many practical first-hand observations made in India by men able to weigh the value of evidence would seem to show that outbreaks of cholera have taken place which could not be set down to the distribution of a polluted water supply.

The first volume of this work contained practical instruction in the conduct of a necropsy, highly valuable lessons needed by many students of medicine no longer in their pupillage—instruction in bacteriological methods, and an account of the pathological processes in the human body generally. The present volume deals first with the diseases of the various organs and tissues, considered under separate heads, including diseases of the foetal membranes and monstrosities; then offers a very full essay upon systematic bacteriology; and is completed by chapters on temperature and fever-heat, and the animal parasites of man. The orderly precision upon which we were able to compliment Professor Hamilton five years ago is present in the second portion of his work. Instruction in general pathology was prefaced then by a practical exposition of the *sectio cadaveris*, and similarly the special pathology of the separate organs is now, and in each case, prefixed by an anatomical and physiological exposition of the part. We cannot commend too highly the resolute intent to clear the ground that is displayed by thus describing the normal before discussing the abnormal. In the present state of our knowledge, with the extraordinary activity of the modern physiologist, it has become necessary to do this. When the whole extent of our information about the healthy liver was comprised in saying that it was a gland in such and such a situation, measuring this and that and weighing the other, and chiefly concerned in promoting digestion, a summary of these functions was not required for the proper comprehension of disordered hepatic processes. But now that the *rôle* played by the liver in digestion is recognized as quite subservient to its performances in the manufacture of urea and glycogen, and in other elaborate chemical feats, a recapitulation of the physiology is absolutely necessary for the understanding of the pathology. And this necessity is with us every whit as much in the case of the lung and the kidney, and more in the case of the brain and spinal cord. Far from reproaching Professor Hamilton for having added anatomy, physiology, and histology to the science he purports to be teaching us, we feel that his method is the only thorough one. The pathological changes in each organ are described according to a uniform plan after the demonstration of the healthy formation and functions. The naked-eye and microscopical appearances are carefully given, and when necessary illustrated by diagrams; the etiology is inquired into; and the complications, especially the morbid influences exercised by the diseased tissue upon other tissues, are discussed. Everywhere the information is remarkably full and complete, and a very large number of references—literally thousands—testify to the fact that no pains have been spared to bring about this result. Occasionally the laudable resolve to include everything seems to us to have betrayed the author. There are theories put into re-circulation in this work that it would have been advisable and kinder to the theorizers to have omitted, so long have they remained unproven, and so manifestly improbable have they become. Not that they have received the least endorsement; the references are given for what they are worth, but are not worth giving. Recent results obtained in the treatment of diphtheria by Roux confer upon the literature of prophylactic inoculation a possibly undue importance, but it was inevitable that we should turn with particular interest to the sections dealing with the much-discussed subjects of natural and acquired immunity. The position as far as small-pox, tetanus, hydrophobia, and cholera are concerned is stated clearly and very briefly. Whether from the facts placed before us we are to conclude that for each toxine against which the system fortifies itself there is secreted the appropriate antitoxine, or whether there is some as yet unguessed principle at

work, Professor Hamilton wastes no time in speculating, but his prophecy that more light will be shed on the matter before long has apparently come true. While it is notorious that there are few, if any, diseases for which so many specifics have been vaunted as diphtheria, it cannot be denied that the antitoxic treatment has yielded results never hitherto obtained.

We congratulate the author upon the completion of his arduous task, and we are certain that the book will receive a hearty reception in many places. The expert pathologist will be grateful for many a neat compilation of facts, for striking suggestions, and a copious bibliography; the practical physician will find information readily upon the points he is more likely to require it; and, lastly, the advanced student can desire, and for that matter can obtain, no better text-book in English.

ART.

NEW MUSIC.

"IF the public can be persuaded not to insist so exclusively upon songs being either vulgar or trivial and vapid, the future of English song will undoubtedly be such as the nation may be proud of." These words of Dr. H. Parry (*Summary of Vocal Music*) dance quite uninvited before our eyes as we have waded through a huge parcel of new publications containing all the latest manifestations of our native lyricism. *Rari nantes* will appear now and then to comfort the weary reviewer with a glimpse of genuine fancy and ray of sunshine in a rare mass of platitudes and sombre mediocrity; but of the majority of the compositions one cannot help wondering what it is that makes people rush into print, why So-and-so should consider himself or herself a composer, and how any kind of market can be found for compositions where everything that should be in a work of art is conspicuous by its absence. While endorsing heartily Dr. H. Parry's indignation, we are afraid we do not share his hopes. For the present let us limit ourselves to an account of what we have found worthy of notice in the parcel before us.

From the Brighton firm of I. & W. Chester (E. Donajowski in London) we have received *A Text-Book of the Pianoforte*, by George Sampson. Though an elementary knowledge of music is necessary to assimilate the text of Mr. G. Sampson's method, still the book may be sincerely recommended to beginners as containing, in an easily accessible and compact form, enough to start anybody on his studies for the first two years. The rule (No. 6, p. 3) that "the seat should be high, the elbows being slightly above the key-board," is open to criticism—at least, a very majority of great virtuosi uphold the opposite manner; the Neapolitan school of pianoforte playing, for instance, lays down the reverse as a rule. The fingering which Mr. G. Sampson calls "German" might be called with more advantage "Continental." With the exception of these two trifles Mr. Sampson's book is excellent, and its value is enhanced by a short appendix containing Schumann's "Advice to Young Musicians," a miniature dictionary of musical terms, and some thirty dates important in the history of music.

Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co. send some vocal and instrumental music, the latter preferable to the former, and a set of three compositions by Stanley Hawley, under the title of "Recitation-Music Series"; the last are musical commentaries to some favourite recitations, such as Edgar Allan Poe's "The Bells," Charles Kingsley's "Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine," and Whyte Melville's "Soul Music"—the pianoforte part, in the words of the composer, "to be considered as a setting of the poetical accent." The device adopted consists of engraving the poem over its musical commentary, the accompaniment keeping time with the voice, and the rules of scansion observed as carefully as, given the difficulty of the scheme, is possible. We have no hesitation in saying that these compositions are the most artistically successful efforts of the kind it has been given to us yet to consider. We cannot recall to our memory any published works of the kind, but we have heard MM. Thomé, Nicolas Rubinstein, Hollmann, and even Liszt improvise an accompaniment to recitations of Mmes. Sarah Bernhardt, Modjeska, Croizette, and, of all people, George Sand (some twenty-two years ago), and however beautiful these improvisations might have been, the set of pieces by Mr. Stanley Hawley can very well afford to be confronted with them. The name of the composer is not familiar to us; but, if he had written nothing but the exquisite music to Poe's "Bells" or Whyte Melville's "Soul Music," he would have done enough to make it an honoured one. Next in point of merit are two duets by Franco Leoni, to words by Mark Ambient, "Vanity Fair" and "Tittle Tattle," and "Stars," a song to words by Maud Nepean; the duets will suit admirably female voices, "Vanity Fair" especially, and the song is a typical tenor

romance, very well written for the voice. Mr. Lawrence Kellie is represented by three songs—"Eileen Carew," "Love's Nocturne," and "She is Thinking of You," to words by Mowbray Morris and Fred. E. Weatherley—three polite effusions in that composer's well-known style. "Night," by Eva Lonsdale, to words by Mabel Hyde, with an *ad lib.* accompaniment by J. B. Pognauski, is a very pretty song which might be improved by correcting the *impianto* of the progression in the last two bars of p. 2 and the following bars on p. 3; and, of course, the composer does not expect anybody to finish the song with a top Bnat. on the word "night" held out for six bars; but the song is very pretty for all that. "The Bonnie Scots Greys" is an excellent song for bass or baritone, words by Alice C. Macdonnell, as good as the music by Angelo Mascheroni. "The Nameless Lassie," words by James Ballantyne, music by Alexander Mackenzie, arranged by his son A. C. Mackenzie, is another good specimen of Scotch music—a chord of our national lyre which has been pinched a wee bit too often of late. "My Bess," by Brian Daly and Bond Andrews, is a jolly sea yarn suitable for a ringing bass voice; "Take, O take those lips away" and "Hark! the lark" are two songs by F. E. Gambogi, comprised in the series of Robert Cocks & Co.'s *Artistic Songs*. What is the publisher's criterium for such qualification? What constitutes an artistic song? Are there any inartistic ones as a pendant? Of instrumental music, we prefer best Walter Wesche's "Sketches," eight short and easy pianoforte pieces after the style of Songs without Words. We can recommend Paolo Angelini's polka with piccolo *ad lib.* "La Récréation des Oiseaux," as a jolly musical trifle; Emilio Pizzi's "Gavotte Poudrée" and "Coquetterie," and Angelo Mascheroni's potpourri from *Faust* for pianoforte and mandoline. Miss Ethel Barns has written an excellent "Mazurka" for violin and pianoforte, and Miss Amy Hickling has done a very good arrangement of E. H. Lemare's "Andantino" for two violins and pianoforte. In "Twenty-four Action Songs" by May Gillington and Annie E. Armstrong we are faced with a new domestic torture—singing and performing children; at least, here is a series of songs for the use of our little tyrants, with directions for immediate consumption. Ten to twenty directions for various gestures in a song of as many bars! Why, the children would look like windmills were they to wave about their arms as directed! Most decidedly we cannot recommend "Action Songs" of any description.

Messrs. Enoch & Sons send dance music and songs; there are some pretty title-pages to "Zarifa," "Catalina," "The Seasons," and "Rialto," four waltzes, by Yvonne de la Roche, the three others by Otto Roeder, but the music is only so-so. Amongst the songs there are some charming ones by Mlle. Chaminade—"Love's Garden," to words by Roger Miles ("Si j'étais jardinier"), "Dreams," and "Hear my Beloved"—and some rather feeble, by Paul Rodney and Joseph Roeckel.

Messrs. Hammond & Co. publish some music which is very good and some which is not. To the first category belong, first and foremost, Grieg's "Poetische Tonbilder" and "Lyrische Stücke," fourteen tiny pianoforte *silhouettes*, the lot holding in an album of 28 pages, and as delightful as one may wish. We see, by-the-by, that they are numbered Op. 3 and Op. 12 respectively; is this a reprint, or has the Norwegian master gone in for what Gounod used to call *écoulement de rossignols*?—surely it is somewhat late to publish as a novelty Grieg's Op. 3? Mr. Charles W. Pearce comes forward with a baggage of some excellent arrangements and editions, such as "Eight Short Preludes and Fugues" for the Organ, by J. S. Bach, accompanied each with a short formal analysis and some practical remarks—"Organ Voluntaries," and "Marches" for the organ, which may all be recommended. The "Elementary Studies" of Köhler and Czerny's "Études de la Vélocité," edited and fingered by Gordon Saunders, cannot be said to supply "a long-felt want." Better English editions are in existence, and their chief merit lies in the adoption of the universally recognized system of fingering. J. Schmuck's "Characteristic Studies" and "Elementary Studies" suffer from the same dynamic evil, but can be safely recommended as refined and musicianly compositions. The pianoforte pieces by Gustav Lange and Charles Godard, though about nothing in particular, are pleasing compositions of a somewhat obsolete style. Still more antiquated are four pieces by J. E. Newell, though each is adorned—rather pretentiously, we think—with lines from Longfellow, Byron, Walter Scott, and Mrs. Hemans. Whatever might have been the composer's aim, we cannot discover any ties between the quotations and his music.

Messrs. W. Morley & Co. come out somewhat feebly with a humorous song—"Ta-ta," by Gerald Yorke and John Crooke—and some other sentimental and pseudo-sacred songs. "Land Ahead," by C. Francis Lloyd, to capital words by Clifton Bingham, is a good song, a kind of nautical ditty, and, being

written within a small compass, suits every voice. "Do you Forget?" by Otto Cantor, to words by Arthur Chapman, is a goodish sentimental melody.

From Messrs. Novello & Co. one expects only the very best, and one generally gets it. The parcel received this time is no exception to the rule; and, though it is impossible to analyse in detail every publication, from octavo anthems to oratorio scores, we have read every one with interest and with satisfaction. Amongst the octavo editions of part songs we recommend to amateurs and professionals Mr. Hamilton Clarke's three-part choruses, "To the Woods" and "Summer," in the accompaniments of which is introduced the innovation of combining the pianoforte with castanets, triangle, and tambourine; the rhythm appears a trifle monotonous to an ear used to this combination in the land of castanets, but the effect is charming nevertheless. We can commend only *en passant* the first-rate arrangements and original compositions for the organ by John B. Lott and C. Charlton Palmer; and we regret not to be able to linger on the admirable books of progressive studies compiled and edited by Franklin Taylor. This is really the most laudable enterprise of the kind, and its importance to teachers and students alike cannot be overrated. Every school of virtuosity and technique is represented in the series, the examples chosen with rare discrimination, and the dynamic signs and fingering are as careful and as modern as the most exacting may wish it. Mr. Stewart Macpherson's "Ballad in A minor," being only an arrangement—pianoforte solo and duet—from the original for orchestra, we will postpone judgment until we shall have heard the work in its first form. We can recommend an excellent arrangement of Schubert's delightful Marches by Siegfried Jacoby for pianoforte and violin, and we think very highly of an album of "Six Pieces" for the same instruments by J. D. Davies. We cannot say we care much for a pianoforte duet on "Irish Melodies" by Oliver King, and an "Ode to Music" by H. Ernest Nichol, to words by Colin Sterne, leaves us absolutely unmoved; but we commend with pleasure a newcomer, we imagine, Miss Marguerite Marigold, for three charming pianoforte sketches—"Memories"—easy, fanciful, and refined compositions.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La jambe coupée. Par MASSON-FORESTIER. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Aveux de femme. Par ERNEST DAUDET. Paris: Plon.

Mariage de convenance. Par LUCIEN TROTTIGNON. Paris: Plon.

Fille de général. Par PAUL FÉVAL, fils. Paris: Victor Havard.

Un amour dans le monde. Par THÉODORE CAHU. Paris: Flammarion.

M. MASSON-FORESTIER appears to be of that modern race of authors which takes itself with extreme seriousness, or rather (for the thing is not exactly new) of that race of authors which takes itself with an extremely modern kind of seriousness. He has apparently had several stories accepted by the *Débats* and the *Revue des deux Mondes*, after beginning to write at a rather late time of life. This must be very satisfactory to him; and, as things go in France, it is a tide which taken at the flood may lead on, if not exactly to fortune, to a moderate competence, and an off-chance of a seat at the Academy, when two very good and equally backed candidates present themselves. M. Masson-Forestier is, no doubt, glad for himself; one may without overflowing altruism be glad for him. But when in an "Au Lecteur" he informs us at length how M. Sarcey told him to come to Paris where the air is "more oxygenated and stimulant"; how M. de Vogüé told him not to come to Paris, because his originality depended on his provincial surroundings; how M. Halévy thought him "too *âpre*, too bitter, too ironical" (*farceur de M. Halévy, va!*), and asked him to put some women into his stories, but candidly informed him that "l'adultère a été trop exploité"; and how M. Brunetière told him not to put women in his stories—then, a polite boredom comes over us. "Tell us," we say, "whatever stories you like, provided they are good; live where you like, but we really don't want to know the opinions of M. This and the Baron That about you." It is useless. M. Masson-Forestier is determined that we shall be as interested as he is about himself. He tells us that he likes Mérimée better than Flaubert, Tolstoi, Daudet, Maupassant. His state is not the less gracious; though we confess that we have seldom come across anybody who wrote less like Mérimée. He tells us that Herr So-and-so imitated one of his tales very badly in German, but that Princess Something translated another divinely. *Das*

ist *sehr interessant*, as somebody once said, in the language of the two translators. And when he tells a rather trivial legend about Marshal Regnault de St-Jean d'Angély, he must needs add a note recording a denial of its truth by the Marshal's daughter, not, as we should have expected, in courteous terms of apology, but with a stiff maintenance of his own version, and at least one fling at his adversary which, if it is not meant to be offensive, means nothing.

When we turn our distracted attentions from all this pother about the author to the work itself, we find, as is not unfrequently the case, according to proverb and experience, that there is not so very much wool to all this cry. M. Masson-Forestier's stories, though not by any means Anglophile, are rather English than French in their general plan and structure, and this accounts, no doubt, for the air of originality which they had to Parisian critics. He is "actual," too; he exalts the Russians, cries down the Italians, talks about Panama, has a fling or two at England, and more than a fling at Germany. His stories, too, are readable enough, though generally spun out a little and sometimes trivial. The best, we think, is "Le chat du major," a distinctly striking legend of the Siege of Paris. "Baraterie," the story of a "coffin-ship," would have been more powerful if it had been shorter. "Le côté du plus fort" is purposeless but for its insult to the Italians, at whose expense even the humble Briton gets complimented. "À Boulet Rouge" tells how a wicked solicitor hunted a poor debtor to death by Dodson-and-Fogg devices adjusted to French law. It would be more affecting but for the extraordinary silliness of the victims (who first sign a bill with a blank date, and then asphyxiate themselves because they cannot pay) and for the defects of a procedure which any English county court judge would have perfectly well known how to checkmate. Yet the author seems to have no desire to run down the Code, for he exults greatly in an extremely odd decision forming the *dénouement* of the title-tale, wherein a provincial Court amuses itself by fining an English firm in extravagant compensation to a French sailor for an accident incurred by him on the high seas on board an English ship and under articles signed in an English port. We have paid rather more attention to M. Masson-Forestier than we otherwise should in deference to his sponsors, MM. Sarcey, Halévy, Brunetière, and de Vogüé. He is by no means the weakest French tale-teller we have recently seen; but he is a very long way from being the strongest.

The other four novels on our list present themselves with less pretentiousness, and are of a more ordinary character. For more than one of them the accompanying *réclame* puts in the plea of "founded upon fact." If it be so, we can only say that fact can be as uninteresting as mere fiction. In M. Daudet's *Aveux de femme*, a young woman has a husband forced, or almost forced, upon her at p. 1, is rapidly disenchanted with him, finds him at p. 61 "tenant son flirt par la taille," and, with singular imitateness, at p. 82 feels somebody's arm slipping gently round hers. This is, to use the old phrase of Rabelais, the very *fatras à la douzaine* of novel-writing. It is difficult to read and impossible to criticize it. M. Lucien Troignon's *Mariage de convenance* is a good deal better. The longest story by far (it is makeweight with half a dozen very short ones) has what old-fashioned people think the modern drawback of coming to no end, and not even presenting any very complete picture. A sculptor marries a pretty but commonplace girl who is stupid, selfish, and ill-tempered; he has a mistress who jilts him; and we leave him just after he has met by chance his divorced wife and her second husband. That is all. M. Paul Féval's father's name, and in part his own talent, will attract readers to *Fille de général*, and may, perhaps, keep them to it. We fear it will need all the pleasant memories of *Nos farces à Saumur*, and much more than all the attractions of a promised *roman à clef* satirizing the Legitimist party, to carry anybody right through *Un amour dans le monde*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

The Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era. By J. H. ROSE, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1894.

THE present contribution to the "Cambridge Historical Series," edited by Dr. G. W. Prothero, fulfils the conditions of design laid down by the editor with greater exactness and with happier results than some of the many series of historical manuals of the day can be said to do. The Cambridge series is intended, in Dr. Prothero's words, "for the use of all persons anxious to understand the nature of existing political conditions." That understanding can be best promoted by a clear and accurate presentation of the historical causes that have led to those

political conditions. Hence Mr. Rose's object in this volume is to exhibit the relations of the Revolution to Napoleon's work of destruction and reconstruction, and to show the connexion, too often ignored, between the earlier and later phases of the French Revolution. He has aimed, as he puts it, at concentrating attention on those events and crises which exercised most influence on the formation of the modern European system. Without undue straining at any point, and without the slightest trace of the prepossessions that beset the mere theorist, Mr. Rose has kept this object in view, with results that cannot but be of real service to students. His book embraces the whole Revolutionary era, from the convening of the States-General to the fall of Napoleon in 1815. The whole of Napoleon's career comes, therefore, under survey. It is not too much to say that Mr. Rose's treatment of this difficult and complicated subject shows a grasp of essentials and a soundness of judgment that are decidedly uncommon. Nor is it easy to overpraise the nicety of judgment in the selection of authorities which is a remarkable feature of Mr. Rose's work. This kind of ability, though the true test of the historian's competency, is by no means rarely found wanting, both in grave historical treatises and in historical text-books, manuals, and such compilations. Despite the vast increase of Napoleonic literature in late years, the most absurd distortions of history are perpetrated in such books, though the material for correction is accessible to all. Mr. Rose has rightly deemed the present hour as favourable to a review of the Napoleonic era. He has drawn upon the researches of M. Aulard, M. Sorel, and other authorities of value. He is not to be led away by the romancings of Marbot and the "trustful confidences" of Ménéval, preferring to these brilliant chroniclers the sober and authentic testimony of Chaptal and Pasquier. Then he declares himself to be convinced that "much more may be urged in defence of British policy than has hitherto been conceded," and he has abundantly justified this conviction in dealing with the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, and with other questions that still yield contentious matter for partisans. He shows, in short, a singular keenness in dealing with the illusions and fallacies of Bonapartist idolaters. In his more condensed treatment of the Revolution proper we note, among Mr. Rose's correction of common errors, the useful—and indeed necessary—recognition of the fact that it was not the Tiers Etat alone that was desirous of reform in 1789, but that the King, and quite half of the clergy, and an influential section of the noblesse, were in accord as to the desirability of reform. With regard to the Russian campaign, Mr. Rose shows how vain is the contention of Napier and others that Napoleon was beaten by "the fires and snows of Moscow," and "vanquished by the elements," and nothing else. Mr. Rose's admirable book is furnished with useful maps and plans, and a useful list of works for reference.

The Land of the Sphinx. By G. MONTBARD. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

In this handsome volume there is great disparity to be noted between the work of M. Montbard the artist and M. Montbard the writer. Frequently the drawings are antagonistic in spirit to the letter of the chronicle. M. Montbard's style of writing is elaborately facetious. It suggests an imperfect assimilation of certain of Mark Twain's characteristics, and not the most pleasing of these. But his sketches of his fellow-passengers on the Mediterranean steamers possess a kind of humour that is agreeable in its way. The defect of M. Montbard's facetious habit is that we are never quite sure that what he writes is all his fun, or whether it expresses his sincere impressions of the land of the Sphinx. He would have you know that, if he has written pretty things about Egypt, it was because pretty things were expected of him. In truth, he was horribly bored in Egypt, or he affects to have been bored. He makes merry with the tourists, especially with Mr. Cook's tourists, yet is himself a tourist, writing like a tourist who apes the airs of the superior person. His attitude towards the august memories and venerable sanctities of the land is precisely that of some smart Yankee traveller who finds everything outside his country "effete." M. Montbard's journal of his tour to Alexandria and Cairo is exceedingly like those tourists' "impressions" he rails at with needless vehemence. It is thin and sketchy, besides being tediously jocular in tone. But when we turn to his drawings it is clear that even M. Montbard is not proof against the magic influences of old Egypt.

Rainmaking and Sunshine. By JOHN COLLINSON. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1894.

There is a person named John Collinson, and there is a certain article, once in a shop but now in his possession, which is "not sulphur." He discovered, and announces to the world in a

desperately illiterate little book called *Rainmaking and Sunshine*, and appropriately published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., "the fact that the result of both self and article, acting one on the other, was a fall of the barometer." From this it did not require many steps, or not more than Mr. Collinson was glad to take in the cause of science, to learn how to regulate the weather at the pleasure of Mr. Collinson, and, we presume, of the article which was not sulphur. He is therefore prepared, under suitable conditions, to produce fine weather, rain, frost, or snow, or dissipate fogs—which he seems to think are useless—as and where the general interests of the country may require. His idea is that somebody official—the Board of Agriculture for choice—should settle what the weather had better be, and then he—always under suitable conditions—will "operate." He devotes a good deal of space to assuring timid persons that there will be nothing impious about this arrangement, "for the rules of Providence would control the operator, and all else, as ever has been done." Mr. Collinson dwells with unnecessary emphasis, and almost incredible reiteration, upon the convenience of having suitable weather and knowing beforehand what it will be like, to "railway companies . . . shipowners and underwriters, and those who plough the sea, together with all persons having out-of-door pursuits," especially astronomers and bank-holiday-makers. He proved the practicability of his scheme last year, for he made it fine, as he tells us about twenty times, on the Easter and Whitsuntide bank-holidays, and on the day of the Duke of York's wedding. Also it was he who put an end to the drought. He could have done so much sooner, and "offered his services, in the proper quarters, but his aid, though accepted, was not accepted suitably, and with sufficient indications of good faith." We gather that the only necessary conditions are that some quiet place should be provided, where "self and article" can operate in peace, and that good faith would be sufficiently indicated by the payment of expenses on a reasonable scale. Hitherto the Government, and the first men of the day, have made no offer to do what is necessary. Mr. Collinson has been informed that great inventors are often treated in this shameful fashion. "If such is the case, and instances in proof are plentiful, it is a disgrace to the principles on which society ought to be built." This seems rather hard on the principles.

Tempest-Torn. By Lieutenant-Colonel ANDREW HAGGARD, D.S.O. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1894.

Colonel Haggard's story fully answers to the Hudibrastic conception of life—

Of what else
Is life composed but love and battles?—

being plenteously provided with love-making and campaigning. The love-making is so multifarious, and subjected to such intricacies of relation and cross-purposes, as to try the most seasoned novel-reader. The other description of campaigning, however, is set forth with a simple eloquence and a vigorous directness of style that must charm the reader. The episodes of the Black Mountain expedition and the fight at Doda Hill are told with excellent effect. Very different is the author's method in the invention and development of the complicated love affairs. There is Captain Wentworth, married to an opera-singer in his rash youth. His wife deserts him, or has returned to her first husband, as she asserts, and in this unpleasant dilemma Wentworth falls in love with Mrs. Farquhar, who is voyaging to India to join her husband. At Malta he recognizes his wife as the prima donna of the opera, and there is an unrehearsed "scene" in the theatre in consequence. Mrs. Farquhar in despair poisons herself with "mowhellow," and Wentworth restores her to life by means of "Toolava," the secret of which he had learned of the illustrious "Burra ilm ke Baradari," of "Gnostic Brotherhood." The lady is smuggled on board the steamer under a false name, her fair hair cunningly dyed black, and reaches India. The prima donna sails also, attended by a brother officer of Wentworth's, her devoted admirer. In India the plot thickens. Almost all the persons of the story fall in love and out of love in the most extraordinary manner. It may be the effects of the climate, or in one instance of the "mowhellow," but it brings sore confusion to the reader. No one seems to know his or her mind for a month together. Still, there is much entertainment in *Tempest-Torn*, and the Indian scenes and incidents are brightly and briskly painted.

Lesser's Daughter. By Mrs. ANDREW DEAN. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1894.

This new volume of the "Pseudonym" Library is more distinguished by the cleverness of the character-drawing than by the novelty of the scheme of the story, though the story is strong in interest and skilfully told. Lesser is a Jew of a commonplace

type, insignificant in face and figure, and feeble in character. Somewhat late in life he inherits a fortune, and marries a Viennese lady of aristocratic connexions, who never ceases from making him feel his social inferiority. She rules both him and her daughter with undisputed sway, until the crisis arrives, when Lesser, like the worm, turns. The contest that ensues looks unequal, but it is well fought to a tragic end. And every phase of it arouses in us something like breathless interest in the fate of Lesser's daughter.

The Yellow Book. Vol. III. London: John Lane. 1894.

With the lapse of time *The Yellow Book* has not acquired tone, which is the gift of time. The amateurishness of the present number is more pronounced than ever. The note is struck in the extremely flimsy article, "Women—Wives or Mothers," with which the book opens. Miss Ella D'Arcy's "White Magic" is extremely disappointing to read after her strong and original contribution of last quarter. Mr. Crackanthorpe's "Study in Sentimentality," clever though it be, is by no means equal to Mr. Crackanthorpe's usual standard. Of the new writers, Miss Nora Hopper is the most distinguished. "A Song and a Tale" is charming, and charming in an individual way. There is much verse, by Mr. William Watson and others, all of which is decidedly of the ordinary magazine order; and there is one poem, "The Ballad of a Nun," by Mr. Davidson, which moves us as some blossoming of the desert might. Too much waste is there to be traversed before Mr. Davidson's rose rejoices the reader. Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Note on George the Fourth" is not unamusing nor wanting in ingenuity, though Mr. Beerbohm might have refrained from the dreary joke about Waterloo and the "playing fields of Eton." The work of the artists calls for little comment. Mr. Beardsley is as freakish as ever, and in precisely the familiar kind of *capriccio*; Mr. Wilson Steer's drawings are commonplace, and Mr. Sickert's have no notable quality but the realism that suggests the camera. Mr. Broughton's "Mantegna"—if it is Mantegna who is represented, which we doubt—is a drawing of merit, and so is the clever study "From a Pastel."

Chronological Outlines of American Literature. By SELDEN L. WHITCOMB, A.M. With Introduction by BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

Mr. Whitcomb's handbook may be regarded as a pendant to Mr. Ryland's similar manual of outlines of English literature. The plan of the book is simple. The page to the reader's left is occupied with dates and the leading American books in order of publication. The page to the reader's right is devoted to parallel columns of American biographical dates, leading publications in English literature, in foreign literature, and noteworthy events in history. The book is a kind of cartography of literature, and will be found useful for reference by students. Mr. Whitcomb's American list begins with the year 1608, and the publication of Captain John Smith's *True Relation*. Mr. Brander Matthews observes that it might be maintained that "American literature began in 1809 with Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*." Decidedly that were a handsome start for any literature. But such a limitation would have excluded the romances of Brockden Brown, who was not merely the first American man of letters, and the first "professional" journalist, but a man of genius. Mr. Whitcomb observes that he has not aimed at compiling a bibliography, and has, indeed, carefully avoided completeness. We cannot but think, however, that the inclusiveness of the American portion of his chronological tables with respect to the past is the most valuable feature of his book.

American Authors: a Handbook of American Literature. By MILDRED RUTHERFORD. Atlanta, Ga.; Franklin Printing Co. 1894.

The author of this well-meant, but somewhat cumbrous, volume observes in her preface, "To prepare a text-book of American literature is a difficult matter." Of course, everything depends upon your definition of literature. Miss, or Mrs., Rutherford holds exceedingly generous views on the subject. Her book is composed of over seven hundred pages. Yet she regretfully remarks, "It is utterly impossible to give every writer a place in so small a compass." We clearly apprehend the difficulty when we learn that there are "over 3,500 writers in the South alone." There is no attempt at a critical survey of the subject in this volume, and some of the author's judgments are curiously naïf. Of Walt Whitman it is written, "He may become a popular poet; but to the pure he can never be 'The Good Gray Poet.'" "It cannot be said" that some of Mr. Marion Crawford's works "have a high moral standard." "This

is due," we are told, "probably to the foreign background of his stories. The scenes of many of them are laid in Italy—the ideas of life there are so different from what they are in America." In the notice of E. P. Roe—Roe, not Poe, is the popular American man of letters—it is suggested that "Matthew Arnold's unjust criticism of Roe may have been caused from mistaking another Roe's works for his." This is the unkindest cut ever levelled at Mr. Arnold. But there must be some mistake. There cannot be another Roe—not even in American literature.

Professor GEORGE STEPHENS, in *The Runes: Whence Came They* (Williams & Norgate), has drawn up an imposing array of Runic examples, the tabulated results of which show that, of many thousands enumerated, only nineteen can be referred to lands outside Scandinavian countries and Great Britain. These exceptions Dr. Stephens regards as "wanderers" from the north into "Germany, Saxony, or elsewhere." Nothing in the list is more striking than the results with regard to "Gravestones," and the evidence enforces the author's tombstone argument against the theory of a southern origin and practice of runes (pp. 47, 48). Professor C. P. TIELE's rectorial address at the University of Leyden—*Western Asia, according to the most Recent Discoveries* (Luzac & Co.)—of which we have a translation by Elizabeth J. Taylor, deals with the El-Amarna tablets discovered in 1887 in the ruins of the palace of Amenothos IV., and the historical importance of these letters from the Mesopotamian kings and Syrian and other Asiatic rulers to Amenothos IV.

From Messrs. Luzac & Co. we have also *The Seven Poems Suspended in the Temple of Mecca*, translated by Captain F. E. JOHNSON, R.A., with an introduction by Shaik Faizullahbai, B.A., of Bombay, partly descriptive of the "Seven Suspended Poems," and partly of a nature of an *éloge* on these classic examples of Arabic poetry. Captain Johnson's translation is intended as an "aid to the student," and has been made, therefore, as literal as possible. It is a verse-by-verse rendering, with alternating notes, comment, and varying readings, prefaced by a sketch of each poem and its metrical structure. *The Universal Atlas* (Cassell & Co.), a publication of remarkable excellence and cheapness, is now in course of issue in monthly parts, of which we have the first, comprising maps of Egypt and of France. In a pamphlet, *The History and Origin of Postal Orders*, it is claimed for Mr. E. S. Norris, formerly M.P. for Limehouse, that he is the originator of Postal Orders, and it is contended that the Post Office authorities simply adopted his scheme and ignored the inventor. It is a curious history, recalling the old experience of James Chalmers and the adhesive stamp. Certainly, on the strength of the statement before us, and the evidence of letters and extracts from the Report of the Committee of Inquiry of 1876, it is impossible not to conclude that the case of Mr. Norris is exceedingly strong.

New editions we note of *The Christian Year*, in the attractive form of the "Golden Treasury Series" (Macmillan & Co.); *The "Practical" Guide to Algiers*, by GEORGE W. HARRIS (Philip & Son), the fifth edition, revised, with new maps; and *The Story of a Sin*, by HELEN MATHERS (Jarrold & Sons).

We have also received a translation by MARY J. SAFFORD of *Cleopatra*, a romance, by Professor GEORG EBERS, in two volumes (Sampson Low & Co.); *On Preservation of Health in India*, by Sir JOSEPH FAYRE, K.C.S.I., &c. (Macmillan & Co.), a lecture delivered at the Coopers Hill College; *Report on Meteorological Observations in British East Africa*, 1893, by E. G. RAVENSTEIN, F.R.Met.S. (Philip & Son), published by authority of the British East Africa Company; *Bibliographical List of Books on Africa and the East*, published in England, 1892-1894, Vol. II., arranged, with index, by C. G. LUZAC (Luzac & Co.); *The Personal Responsibility of Judges*, a prize essay, by Major GREENWOOD, M.D. (Barber); *The Century Reciter*, edited by LEOPOLD WAGNER (Warne & Co.), second series of a capital selection in prose and verse; *Lady Leola and I*, a theatrical novel, by HAL DYMOND (Thurgate & Sons); and Mr. VINCENT CAILLARD's *Special Report on the Ottoman Public Debt* for the financial period 1893-1894, with translation of the *Annual Report* of the Council for the same year.

By a clerical error in our issue of last week, Professor Kuno Meyer was, in the article headed *The Old Ancient Times of All*, called Kuno Fischer.

We beg leave to state that we cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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